

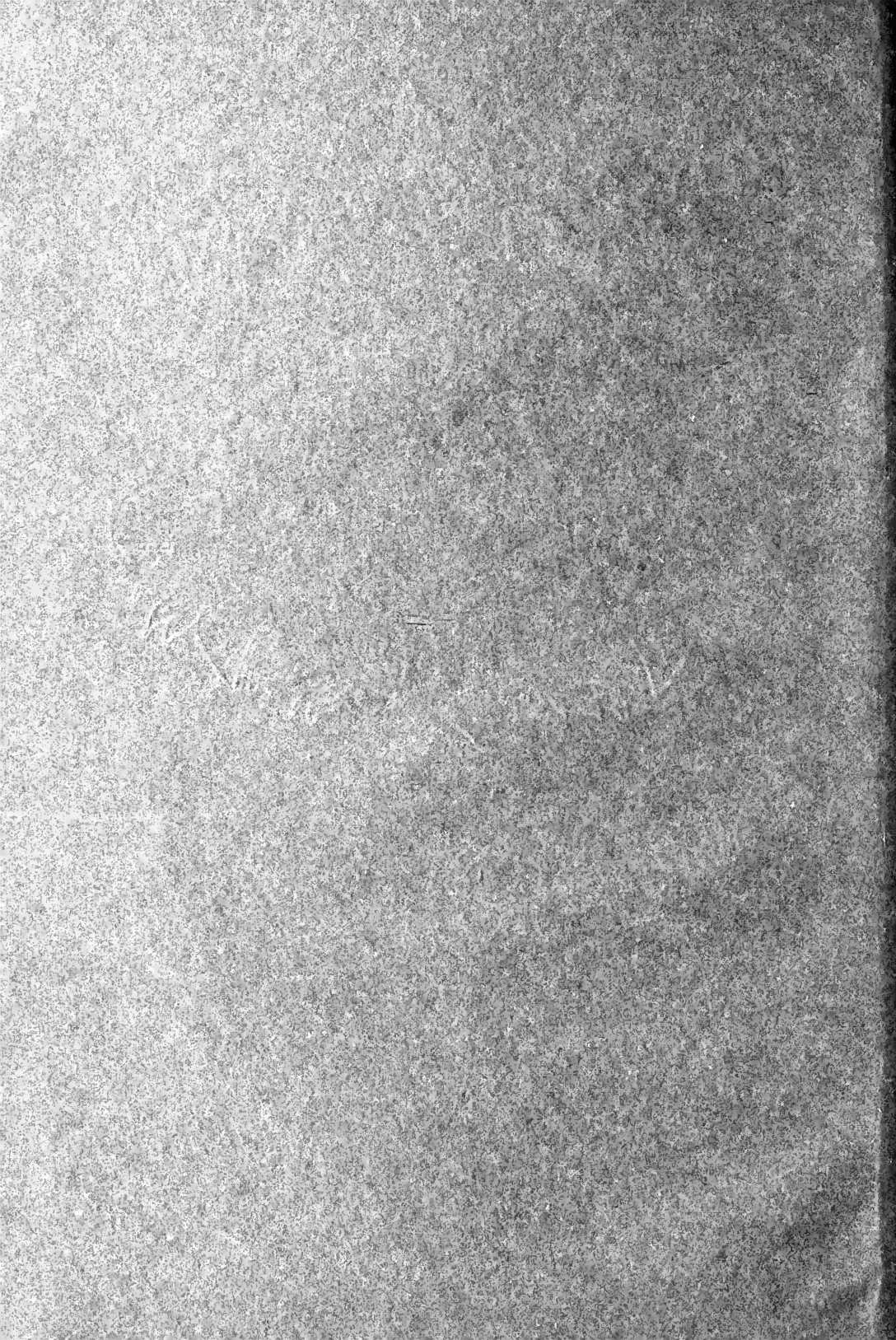
**SOME
HISTORIC HOUSES
OF
WORCESTER**



Class

Book

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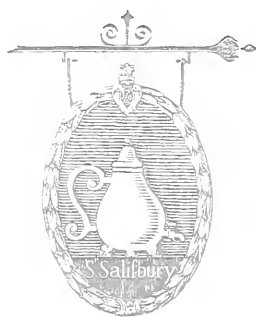
COURT HILL 1851

Kindness of Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt

SOME HISTORIC HOUSES OF WORCESTER

A Brief Account of
the HOUSES AND TAVERNS
that Fill a Prominent Part
In the HISTORY OF WORCESTER
Together with Interesting
Reminiscences of
their Occupants

*Illustrated with Reproductions
of Rare Prints and
Photographs*

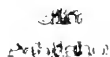


Printed for
WORCESTER BANK & TRUST COMPANY
1919

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WORCESTER BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

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The vignette on
the title page is a repro-
duction of the sign which hung
on the old Salisbury Mansion, and the line illus-
tration on page 1 is "Main Street in
Worcester, Mass.," sketched
from an old print



JUN 6 1922

*Compiled, arranged and printed by direction of
Walton Advertising & Printing Company
Boston, Mass.*



From a photograph

Taken for the Bank

THE WORCESTER BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Foreword

BELIEVING in the historical value of the landmarks of old Worcester, the Worcester Bank and Trust Company presents to its patrons and friends this little brochure, in which have been gathered traditions and facts relating to some of the old houses.

With it goes a pride that many of the men who have been intimately connected with its history have contributed so greatly to the records of the city.

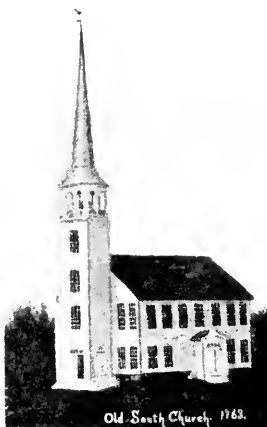
Isaiah Thomas, who brought the presses of the *Massachusetts Spy* to Worcester at the beginning of the Revolution, presided at the first meeting of the men who founded the Worcester Bank. Daniel Waldo was the first president of the bank when it was established in 1804; and he was succeeded by his son, Daniel Waldo, Jr., who held its presidency until his death in 1845. His successor was Stephen Salisbury, 2d, who remained in office until his decease in 1884, when his son, Stephen Salisbury, 3d, was elected president.

In 1917 the Worcester National Bank and the Worcester Trust Company, two of the city's leading financial institutions, were consoli-

FOREWORD

dated under the name of the Worcester Bank and Trust Company, having combined the names of the old Worcester Bank, established in 1804, and the Worcester Trust Company, whose charter was one of the first trust company charters granted in this country, and which commenced business in 1869.

Though many tributes have been paid to the bearers of old and honored names in Worcester, it seems fitting that the men who bore them should be remembered by an institution they so long served. It seems especially appropriate that a bank which has been so long affiliated with the interests of Worcester, should, in the year of the fiftieth anniversary of its business life, perpetuate the past in a form that it hopes will be of value to the residents of the city.



*From a painting Kindness
of Lincoln Newton
Kinnicutt*

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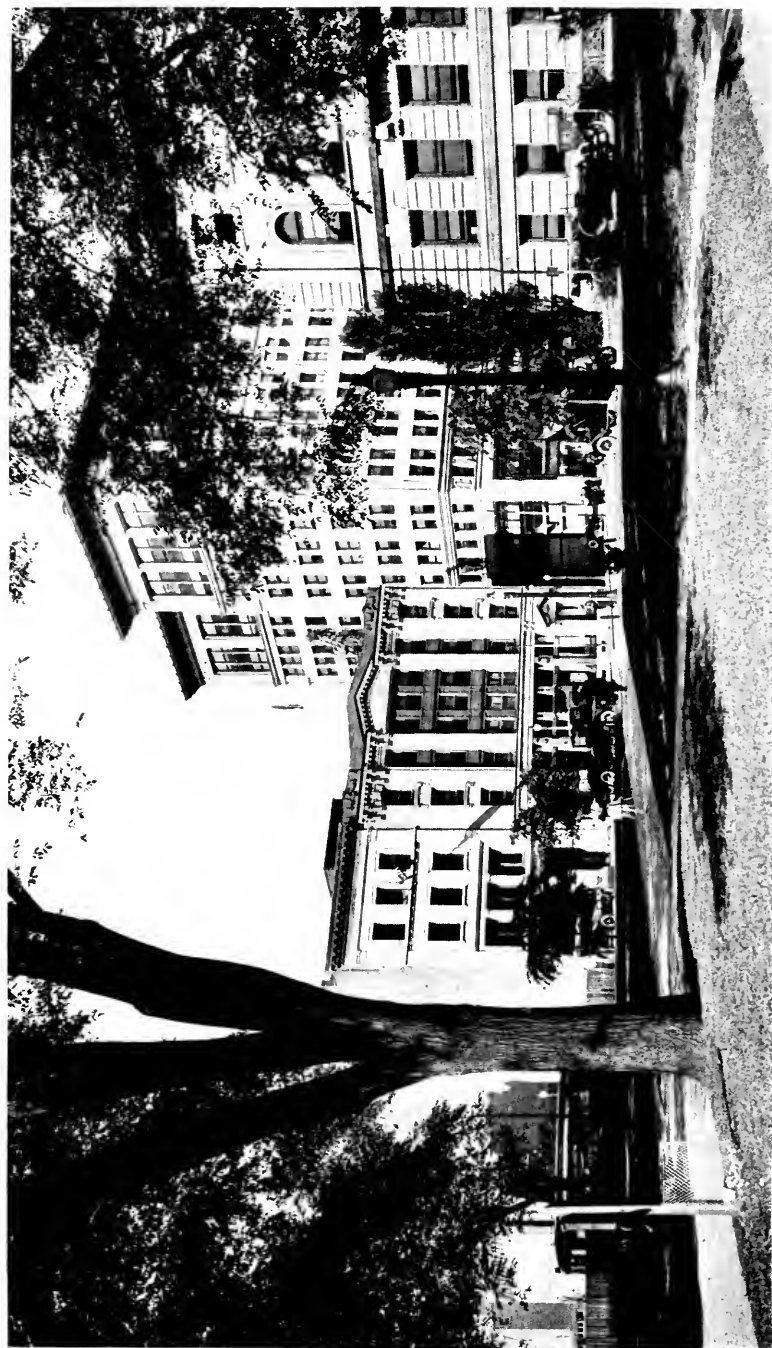
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From a photograph

A VISTA IN CITY HALL PARK

The Worcester Bank and Trust Company is the four-story corner building directly in the centre of the picture

Taken for the Bank



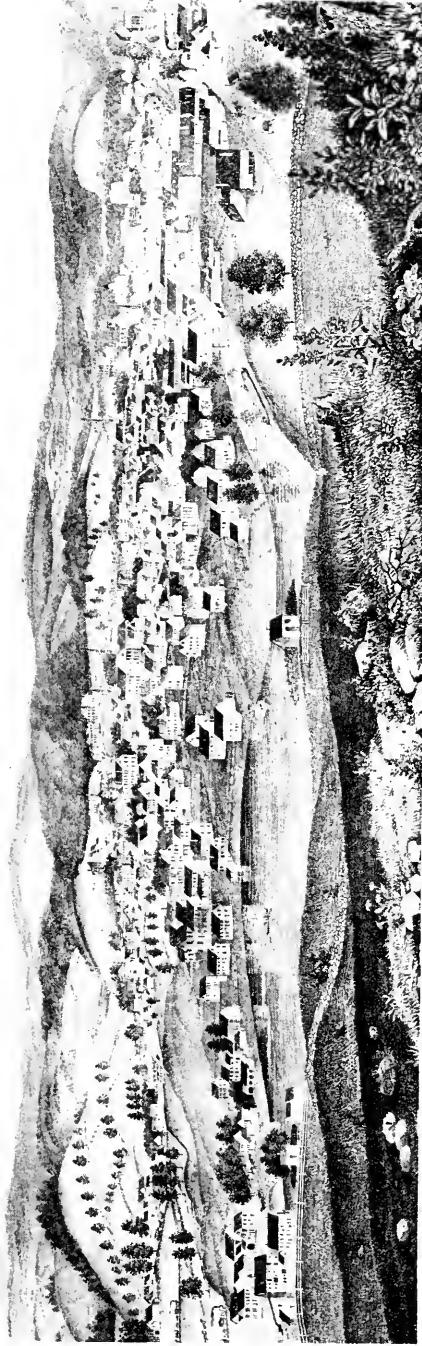
Some Historic Houses of Worcester

A CITY is the composite expression of its residents. Their character determines the size and quality of its development. This is especially true of Worcester; for it owes its origin and prosperity to the spirit which imbued its first settlers and has since characterized its residents.

Had not the first settlers, who nearly two centuries and a half ago set out from Boston to establish a settlement among hostile Indians on Lake Quinsigamond, been possessed of unusual courage, and had not those who came after them been equally endowed with the characteristics which make for the prosperity of a community, Worcester would never have grown to the commanding position which it now holds. It is true that its natural surroundings have had much to do with its wealth and progress. It is in the centre of Massachusetts, at the head waters of a number of streams which furnish ample power for its industrial enterprises, and is upon beautiful hills, surrounded by some of the most fertile farming sections in New England.

To-day it is the second largest city in Massachusetts and the third largest in New England, with a population of a hundred and ninety thousand. In its industrial establishments no less than forty-five thousand people work, and its manufactured goods are valued at over a hundred million dollars. It is widely known as an educational centre, being the domicile of some of the best-known colleges and technical schools in the country, and its park system and its residential section are surpassed by those of no other city.

A survey of the land bordering Lake Quinsigamond was made by order of the General Court of the Bay State Colony in 1667, and a tract eight miles square surveyed, special note being made of excellent chestnut-tree land on which it was thought thirty or sixty families might dwell. Worcester was settled in 1674 by Daniel Gookin of Cambridge, Daniel Henchman of Boston, Thomas Prentice of



From a print

VIEW OF WORCESTER 1838
Taken from Union Hill

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

Woburn, and Richard Beers of Watertown, who were chosen by the General Court to take charge of the settlement on Lake Quinsigamond which the Court had determined. The land was purchased from the Indian Sagamores John and Solomon, who the same year had been visited by John Eliot and Daniel Gookin. John Eliot met the Indians on Pakachoag Hill, near which to-day is the College of the Holy Cross; and beneath the hill's lofty trees he preached to the Indians, who later, under King Philip, burned the settlement of Quinsigamond, December 2, 1675, leaving nothing but ashes, while the settlers were forced to flee. The second attempt at settlement was made in 1684, and the name "Quinsigamond" was changed to "Worcester," "and there is a tradition that the name was given to commemorate the battle of Worcester where Cromwell shattered the forces of Charles 2nd in 1651." Here a corn and a saw mill, garrison house, and a number of log cabins sprang up, but again the settlement was fated to suffer at the hands of the surrounding savages, for in 1702, during Queen Anne's War, the Indians attacked the town which they had constantly menaced; but Digory Sargent and his family remained long after the other settlers had fled, and during the summer of 1702 was left unmolested. On the approach of winter a committee advised him to leave the place, but Sargent did not heed their advice. A dozen armed men were despatched to seek him, and pushing forward through an intense storm reached the garrison house, about which footprints were visible. They found the door broken down and Sargent stretched on the floor dead. His family had been carried away by the Indians, at whose hands they suffered great torture. Afterward the eldest who had been taken to Canada was released, and on her return here related the details of her father's death. Sagamore John had led his men to the garrison house, which they surrounded. Sargent seized his gun, but was shot and fell near the stair to which he had retreated. He was then scalped, and his wife and children taken captive. Mrs. Sargent, who through fright and weakness impeded the progress of the flight, was killed by a chief.

The colonists who found Sargent's body buried it beneath an oak on the land he had so faithfully tilled. At the time of the third and successful settlement, Sargent's lot was the home lot of the first man of the third settlers.

In the spring of 1713, however, the proprietors expressed their desire to establish a new settlement at the place whence twice the Indians had driven the early colonists. Jonas Rice was the first to return here, arriving on October 21, 1713, and taking as his land that formerly allotted Digory Sargent. His brother, Gershom Rice, joined him, and Nathaniel Moore and Daniel Heywood followed. A log garrison house was built on the west side of Main Street near Chatham Street. A church was established, and by 1718 fifty-eight houses had been built and the permanent establishment of a town with some two hundred inhabitants sprang up where Worcester now is. In 1722 the town was incorporated, and during the half-century preceding the

Revolution, Worcester took on size and character. After conquering the Indians, the planters began an active warfare on animals and snakes that infested the region near their homes. Large bounties were offered for certain pests, among them rattlesnakes that brought 3*d.*, and a draft of "£1 on the treasury was accompanied with 80 rattles as vouchers." Wolves prowled about the settlement, and carried off young cattle and sheep. £4 bounty was offered for every wolf captured, and in 1733, so greatly did they menace the cattle that the price was raised to £8. 3*d.* was offered for each blackbird and jay which at one time greatly injured the harvests. All of these plunderers were despatched with great vigor, and as time passed, the courage and persistency of these early settlers won their battle in the heart of New England.

The town played an important part in the stirring days of the Revolution. An interesting fact in connection with the Revolutionary days is that the iron cannon which the third settlers had mounted in front of the garrison house near Adams Square for defence in case of Indian attack, in its later location west of the Court House, was used to call the people to arms on that memorable day—the 19th of April, 1775.

The population of Worcester, which at the time of the Civil War was about 30,000 people, has since rapidly grown, and the city's expansion in industry, wealth, and culture has been most significant; and it is now, in culture, thrift, and diversified industry, perhaps second to no other city in the country.

So full is the story of Worcester of incidents which show the courage, persistence, and imagination of its inhabitants, that the limited space at our disposal does not permit of more than a glimpse at a few of the most interesting ones. And as so much of the history of Worcester naturally clusters about its old homes and taverns, it has been thought best to present this story—"Some Historic Houses of Worcester"—about which have lingered facts and traditions of those who have made Worcester what it is to-day. Indeed, the city is a memorial not alone to the indomitable courage and wide foresight that inspired the pioneer settlers of Lake Quinsigamond, but it is a living monument to the sterling qualities of many men who have followed. So that in this little brochure will be found interesting accounts of Revolutionary activities, some of the noted guests who have been received in Worcester, what its leading citizens have done at critical times in local and national affairs; and it is hoped that the whole is so illustrated that it will make a permanent addition to the already large library in which the record of Worcester's past may be found.



From a painting

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE TIMOTHY BIGELOW MANSION

at the extreme left, next the Lynde House, and then the Wheeler House. The next building is supposed to be the Heywood Tavern, which stood on the site of the present Bay State House and was afterwards known as the Central Hotel. This painting was discovered on a panel board above the fireplace in the parlor of the Theophilus Wheeler House when the paint was scraped off. It must have been painted before the close of the Revolution, as the Exchange Hotel is not shown in the picture.

HOME OF COLONEL TIMOTHY BIGELOW

In the now bustling Lincoln Square once lived Colonel Bigelow, who gave his "last full measure of devotion" to his country

FOUR blacksmiths, who later rose to eminence in Massachusetts history, once toiled at forges in Worcester. They are Governor Levi Lincoln, Sr., Elihu Burritt, Ichabod Washburn, and Colonel Timothy Bigelow. Not the least of these is Colonel Bigelow, the gallant Patriot, who, with the little company of minute-men that he had carefully drilled, answered the call of the rider who on a foam-covered horse dashed through Worcester early in the morning of the memorable 19th of April, 1775, calling: "*To arms! To arms! War is begun!*" The minute-men with their commander gathered on the Common; and there, with cannon booming and bells ringing, they received their instructions, and with bowed heads listened to the benediction of the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, minister of the Old South Church, before they began their march to Lexington and Concord. All of which is a picture that, if depicted on canvas, would grip the heart of the beholder.

Up to the time that Timothy Bigelow forsook the anvil and forge for the musket and sword, his life had been tinged with romance,—a bright background for the dark shadows that were to gather and culminate in tragedy at twoscore years and ten. He fell in love with pretty Anna Andrews, an heiress, whose guardian refused consent to her marriage with a humble blacksmith. Then it was that the spirit later to burst forth into full flame, when fanned by the winds of the Revolution, inspired young Bigelow; and, engaging the fleetest horses obtainable, he and his betrothed dashed to Hampton, New Hampshire, where they were married. In the house built by his

father-in-law, Samuel Andrews, at the corner of Main Street and Lincoln Square, which stood until 1824 on the spot now marked by a tablet, Timothy Bigelow gathered an extensive library, and, when not engaged at his forge, took every opportunity to perfect his oratorical gifts that during the Revolution served him so well. Here he lived when he became one of the Patriot leaders in Worcester, one of the chief promoters of the Sons of Liberty, the organizer of the American Political Society, a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and a delegate to the Provincial Congress. Here he lived when news of the Boston tea party reached him; and, dropping his hammer, he hastened to his house, where he took from a closet a canister of tea, and burned both container and contents in the fireplace, and afterward covered the remains with red-hot coals. With no explanation to his family he then returned to his forge. It was Colonel Bigelow who with General Joseph Warren persuaded Isaiah Thomas to establish himself in Worcester, and with their aid the printer was able to move his press here a few days before the outbreak of the Revolution.

Timothy Bigelow plays an important part in the well-known story concerning the visit of the two British spies at the tavern of "Tory" Jones, which once stood on Main Street, opposite Chatham. It seems that General Gage about a month before the battles of Lexington and Concord concluded that it would be a fine plan to march from Concord to Worcester, and thus more easily quell the revolution that he knew was brewing. With this idea in view, he despatched two of his officers, Captain Brown and Ensign de Bernicre, to make a thorough examination of the roads and bridges and to bring back a full report of conditions generally in Worcester. The two young men arrived in March, 1775, at "Tory" Jones Tavern, where on account of their civilian dress they felt they would not be recognized; but the innkeeper, though favoring the British cause, had a garrulous tongue, and it was not long before it was noised abroad that two strangers were staying at the tavern. A delegation of citizens came to call; but the spies, being wary, told their host that they were simple sailor-folk, who were not dressed sufficiently well to receive strangers. At which the landlord may have said: "We know *why* you are here. I and my friends who await you are loyal to the king, and we would assist you in any way that lies in our power."

The spies remained in seclusion over Sunday; and early Monday morning, having asked for some roast beef and brandy, they proceeded on their way back to Boston, feeling fairly sure that their presence in the town was generally unknown. They had, however, not reckoned on the vigilance of Colonel Timothy Bigelow and others, who knew the exact time of their arrival and departure, this accurate knowledge concerning strangers—especially strangers who walked with a military gait—being a part of their duties as members of a vigilance committee. The spies left the town by a route different from that by which they had entered it; and, after reaching the hill on Shrewsbury Street, they were dismayed to find that a tall, erect horseman was riding



From a print

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

VIEW OF THE COMMON 1849

after them. He paused as he drew near, gazed keenly into their faces, and finally wished them good-morning. Had the spies but known, their fears with regard to him were well founded; for at that early hour it was the Patriot blacksmith of the Revolution who had accosted them, and who would have been the means of their arrest, had they not chosen another road than the main one, so that he failed to identify them. It is to be regretted that the old tavern of "Tory" Jones has long since passed, and that no picture of it is extant as a reminder of the part it played in Revolutionary Worcester. And this is almost equally true of the home of Colonel Bigelow. If it were not for the fact that Mr. Benjamin Thomas Hill has with great care preserved and photographed the fragment of wall paper whereon is depicted what is supposed to be the Bigelow House, nothing would remain to show just how it looked when the brave officer made his home there.

The little company of minute-men that marched from the old Common to the lively roll of the drum on that fresh spring day was afterward praised by General Washington, who, on reviewing the company, exclaimed, "This is discipline indeed!" Colonel Bigelow took part in the expedition against Quebec, where he was taken prisoner. He received his commission as colonel after his exchange, and was put in command of the 15th Massachusetts Regiment in the Continental Army, composed largely of Worcester County men. He saw service at Saratoga, Valley Forge, Monmouth, Verplanck's Point, and at Yorktown. After eight years of fighting he obtained a grant of land in Vermont, whence, after founding the town of Montpelier, he returned to his forge at Worcester, broken in health and aged when he should have been in his prime. Misfortunes rapidly multiplied. Money was particularly scarce; and Colonel Bigelow became entangled

in debt, for which he was arrested and imprisoned. One of the saddest entries made in any record of the city of Worcester is the note on March 31, 1790, in the old jail book, of the discharge of Colonel Timothy Bigelow,—“By Deth.”

In the district school the Worcester boys were taught “to pull off their hats to Parson Bancroft and Colonel Bigelow.” The latter was six feet tall, of martial bearing and graceful carriage. Many honors came to him after his lonely death in the old jail a century and a quarter ago. A tablet marks the brick block that stands on the site of his home. More than a half-century ago a fine monument was placed over his grave. His sons and sons’ sons have been distinguished in many ways, a son Timothy having been a prominent lawyer, and a grandson, John P. Bigelow, mayor of Boston, while a descendant married the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, ambassador to England and grandfather of President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

GOVERNOR JOHN HANCOCK MANSION

This old mansion, removed in 1846 from its former location on Lincoln Street, now stands at the south corner of Grove and Lexington Streets. It has been the home of five governors

Probably no other house in New England can boast of being the home of five governors. This distinction therefore belongs exclusively to the edifice that in the last century was known as the old Lincoln Mansion, then standing on the west side of Lincoln Street, a near neighbor of the famous “Oaks.” The stately front doorway from its framing of white clapboards looked down a pathway bordered by tall syringas. A century and a half ago the Governor Hancock Mansion was one of the finest residences in Worcester.

The broad acres on which the house once stood are said to have belonged in the early days of the settlement to Captain Daniel Henchman, who with Major-General Gookin was active in forming a settlement at Worcester. At least, as a land controversy showed, if Captain Henchman did not actually own these acres, he had the power to grant them to whomever he might choose. This veteran of King Philip’s War and able leader of the first settlement in Worcester is sadly recalled by Samuel Sewall in his diary: “October 19, 1685. About Nine oclock at night News comes to Town of Capt. Henchmen’s Death at Worcester last Thorsday; buried on Friday. Very few at his Funeral, his own Servants, a white and black, carried him to, and put him in his Grave. His Wife and children following him and no more, or but one or two more.” Mr. Lincoln N. Kinnicutt in his *Historical Notes relating to the Second Settlement of Worcester* adds: “His burial-place is unknown and unmarked. The City of Worcester has honored his memory and paid tribute to his great ability and worth by giving the name of Henchman to a very short street, the location of which is probably unknown to a great majority



From a photograph

Kindness of Waldo Lincoln

THE GOVERNOR JOHN HANCOCK MANSION

of the inhabitants of the City. A sad ending for one who held many offices of honor and trust in the Colony and who had proved himself a brave soldier in King Philip's War and an able leader in the founding of our City!"

The estate on which the Hancock Mansion stood came into the possession of Daniel Henchman, grandson of the pioneer, a leading bookseller in Boston before the Revolution, and founder of the first paper-mill in New England. The second Daniel, shrewdly evading the privileges of the king's printer, also printed the first American edition of the Bible. A son-in-law of Henchman, Thomas Hancock, next owned the estate; and on his death in 1764 the fortune that he had acquired as a merchant he left, with his Worcester estate, to Governor John Hancock. It was here that Governor Hancock resorted in the summers and also during the brief interims that he was able to spare from his arduous duties in the Patriots' cause. For a time the house, surrounded by its hundred and fifty rich acres, was used as a fashionable boarding-house, and conducted by one Samuel Woodburn. Here judges, officers, and jurymen were entertained when they attended court in Worcester.

In 1781 Governor Levi Lincoln bought the estate, and here he resided until his death in 1820. He had the distinction of being a blacksmith who, though he wrought at the anvil by day, devoted his nights to study. He was the son of a prosperous Hingham farmer, and when very young was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Later he studied law, became a member of Congress, acting Secretary of State and Attorney-General, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of Massachusetts. He is said to have been "at the head of the Worcester Bar, from the close of the Revolution till he left our courts." Among his distinguished



From a photograph

THE TIMOTHY PAINE HOUSE
Formerly on Lincoln Street

Kindness of Harriette M. Forbes

children were Levi Lincoln, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts for nine years, and Enoch Lincoln, for three years Governor of Maine.

Samuel Swett Green, in recalling a visit paid by Bancroft, the historian, to his birthplace, speaks of Governor Lincoln, Sr.: "While riding along Lincoln Street, just as we reached the site of the old Lincoln Mansion, I remember that he [Bancroft] repeated an anecdote of Levi Lincoln, Senior, who had been Attorney-General of the United States during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson. It must be remembered that Mr. Lincoln became nearly blind in the latter portion of his life. 'Riding along Lincoln Street one day,' said Mr. Bancroft, 'Mr. Lincoln met a man driving a large flock of geese. In consequence of the dimness of his sight he mistook the geese for children, and threw out of his carriage a handful of small coin, saying, "Bless you, my children!"'"

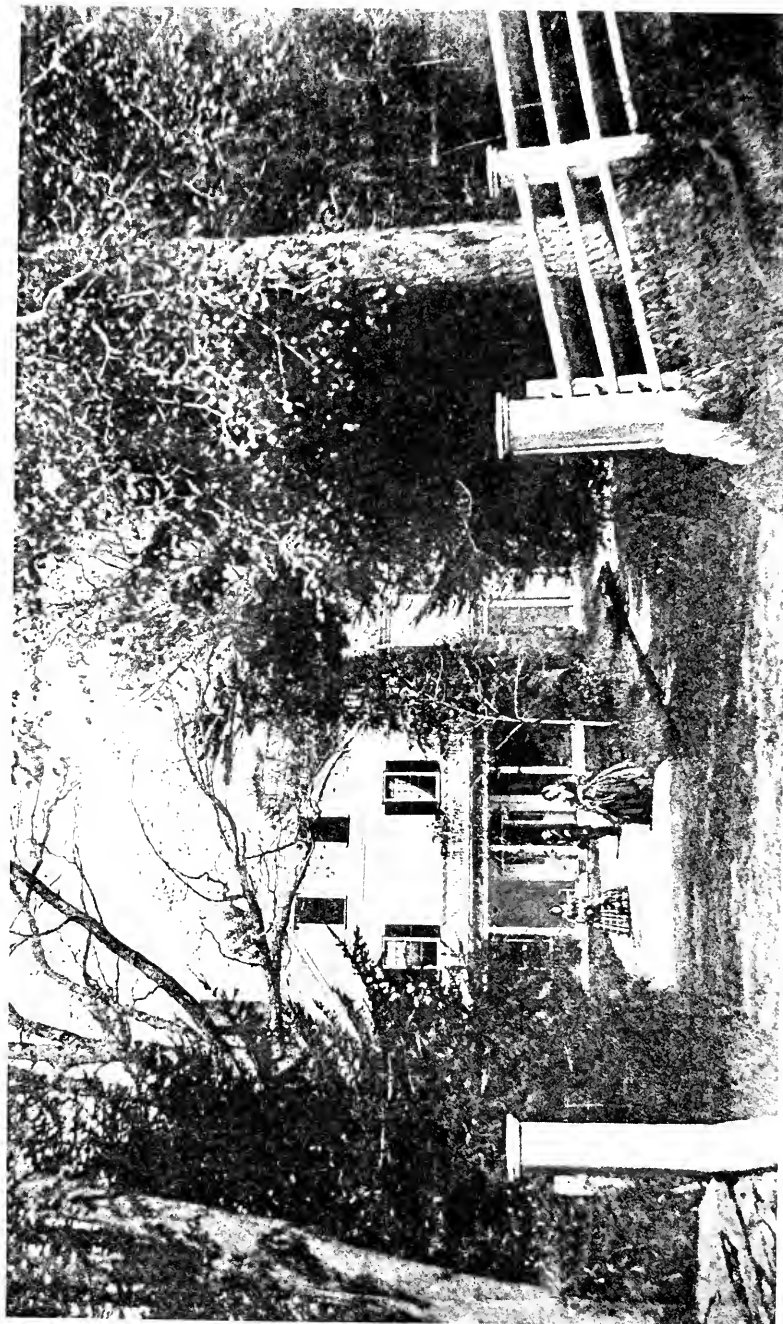
In its early days the house was adjacent to some of the finest spots in Worcester, including Lincoln's Pond, where William Lincoln kept his Indian canoe, and Lincoln's Grove, where many a Worcester beau and belle carved their initials on the tree-trunks. Through the nearby locust wood Mrs. Lincoln's turkeys, ducks, geese, hens and chickens, roamed. There was the garden in which the mistress took such pride, though with all these outer adornments the mansion itself, true to Puritan simplicity, boasted of but one carpeted room.

It was at one time occupied by Governor John Davis and his wife, who was Miss Eliza Bancroft, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft and sister of George Bancroft, the historian. The five governors who lived in it are: John Hancock, Levi Lincoln, Sr., Levi Lincoln, Jr., Enoch Lincoln, and John Davis. In 1846 it was removed to its present location at the south corner of Grove and Lexington Streets, and on its former site William A. Wheeler erected a house in which he resided several years, and which was afterward occupied by Philip L. Moen. About ten years ago the house was torn down.

TIMOTHY PAINE HOUSE AND "THE OAKS"

Presided over by masters who were Loyalists. In the former John Adams proposed a toast to "The Devil," and in the latter Dr. William Paine died on the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington

Doctor "Billy" Paine was born a Loyalist, was educated a Loyalist, and remained a Loyalist until the day of his death, which occurred on April 19, 1833, at "The Oaks," on the fifty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, in the eighty-third year of the staunch old man's age. His beautiful home on Lincoln Street, opposite Forestdale Road, about which cluster so many memories of the War for Independence, is now owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Judge Timothy Paine, himself a staunch Tory, built the house, but did not occupy it until after the war. His earlier home was also on Lincoln Street; and it was there, in his house long since torn down, that



From a photograph

THE OAKS

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

President John Adams frequently visited. It should be remembered that President Adams taught school in Worcester at one time. Mrs. Paine was ever loyal to the king, and there is the familiar tale of her matching her wit against that of Mr. Adams. Before the war Mr. Adams was invited to dinner at the Timothy Paine House, where he met many of his old pupils, among them William Paine. The dinner was tendered to members of the court and bar, Timothy Paine himself at that time holding important offices in the county.

When wine was served, the host proposed a toast to "The King." Mr. Adams instantly, with the rare tact so often exhibited by him, quelled a hesitancy on the part of certain Whigs, who were among the guests and who showed anger when such a toast was proposed. "Drink!" whispered Mr. Adams. "We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment!"

Mr. Paine then suggested that Mr. Adams propose a toast, and gravely the young Patriot gave, "*The Devil!*"

Indignation was pictured on the flushed face of the Hon. Timothy Paine; but his wife calmed him at once, exclaiming, as she placed her hand on his arm, "My dear, as the gentleman has been so kind as to drink to *our* king, let us by no means refuse to drink to *his!*"

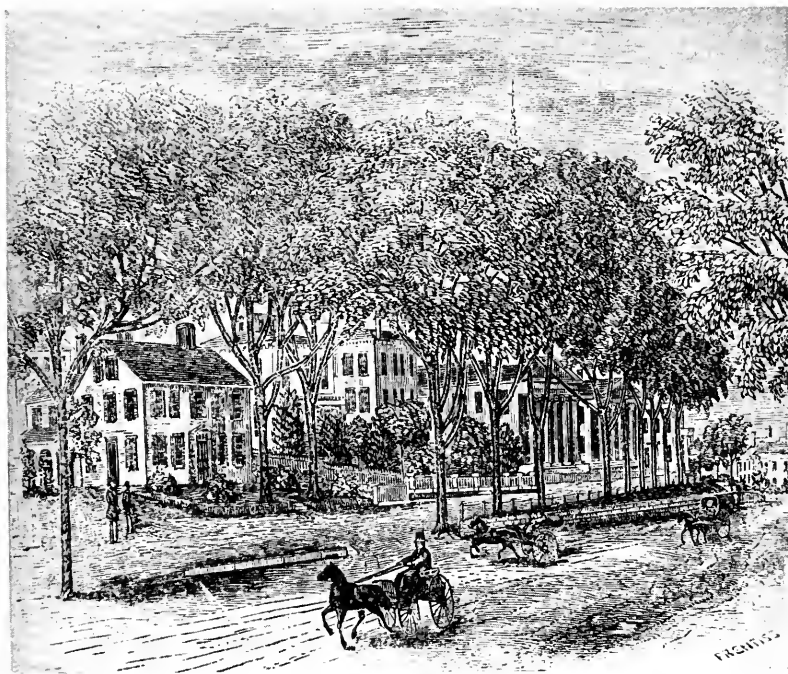
On the outbreak of the Revolution, American soldiers were quartered in the Paine House, and signified their feelings toward Mrs. Paine and her family by cutting the throat of a full-length portrait of Judge Timothy Paine that hung in the parlor. It is said that on one occasion one of the soldiers threatened to shoot Mrs. Paine. Facing the offender with a flash that was characteristic of the lady, she said, "Shoot me if you dare!" and marched to the commander of the regiment and complained of the subordinate's incivility.

When in 1774 Judge Timothy Paine was made by Governor Gage one of His Majesty's mandamus councillors, great indignation was expressed in Worcester, and at once the Sons of Liberty were asked to assemble on Worcester Common. Upward of three thousand men came from different towns in the county, and out of this number was chosen a committee to wait on Judge Paine, and demand that he resign the office given him by a representative of the king. It was not hard for the committee to obtain this resignation from the old Loyalist, but on returning with the report new difficulties arose. The supporters of the Patriots' cause lined Main Street from the meeting-house to the court-house, and on being given the announcement of Judge Paine's resignation it was decreed that such an action must be consummated by the appearance of the judge himself on the Common. Again a delegation appeared at Judge Paine's house, and escorted him through a lane of men drawn up there; and, on passing between them, at intervals Judge Paine was constrained to read his declaration,—not without inward wrath at the fresh indignity thrust upon him. Similar adherents to the king were also brought down the lines, confessing their various transgressions, and at the end signing a document that had been prepared by the Committee of Correspond-

ence. Mr. Caleb A. Wall, who draws his facts from Sabine's History of American Loyalists, states that "at first Mr. Dennie, one of the Committee, read his [Judge Paine's] resignation in his behalf. It was then insisted that he should read it himself, and with his hat off. Mr. Paine hesitated, and demanded the protection of the Committee; finally he complied, and was allowed to go to his dwelling. Tradition declares, that in the excitement attendant on the scene, Mr. Paine's wig was either knocked off or fell off. Be this as it may, from that day he abjured *wigs*, as much as he had done *whigs*, and never wore one again. The now dishonored wig in question, he gave to one of his negro slaves, named 'Worcester.'"

Dr. "Billy" Paine, who became master of "The Oaks" now standing on Lincoln Street, appears to have been less tractable than his father; for in spite of his early education, directed by a future President of the United States, and his later study of medicine in Salem under the conservative Edward A. Holyoke, M.D., he was true to the traditions of his Loyalist family. The first public office appears to have been bestowed upon him after he had begun the practice of medicine in Worcester, and here established at the northerly entrance of Court Hill on Main Street the first apothecary's shop in the town. This office connected him very closely with the famous protest of June 20, 1774, which was his own work and that of Attorney-General Putnam. Of course the denouncement of the Patriots was fearful; and Clark Chandler, the town clerk of Loyalist sympathies, not only was obliged to obliterate the protest on the town records, but he was further compelled to complete the effacement by dipping his finger in ink and crossing the pages with black smudges. After this, Dr. Paine went to England, returning to Worcester after a short stay abroad only to find that he was still regarded with more or less bitterness by his fellow-townsmen. Accepting a commission as surgeon-general in the British army, he served in America and eventually was stationed at Halifax. On the rescinding of the act that banished him in 1787, he went to Salem, where he lived until the death of his father in 1793, when he returned to Worcester and took up his residence at "The Oaks." In 1825 the Massachusetts legislature passed a special act, whereby Dr. Paine was given the rights of an American citizen; but, aside from holding property that his brother had hitherto kept for him, Dr. Paine never availed himself of the privilege conferred on him by his native State.

To-day the passer-by easily buries old differences as he gazes on the beauty of "The Oaks" nestled away on Lincoln Street. Indeed, he humorously remembers Isaiah Thomas's denunciation of William Paine in the *Massachusetts Spy*, which referred to the young Loyalist as "one of those vermin, or worse, emissaries of tyranny, crawling out of Boston to his forfeited seat in Worcester, there to avail himself of the good opinion of the people, in order to play his part." Little did Isaiah Thomas or his contemporaries know that less than a century later his great-grand-daughter was to wed the grandson of



From a print

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

COURT HILL 1857

Showing the Dix House at the left

Dr. William Paine, and that this staunch Loyalist was to go down in history not only as a good physician and a noble gentleman, but as an ancestor of some branches of the Cabot, Lee, Peabody, Saltonstall, and Sturgis families.

ELIJAH DIX HOUSE

Where General Joseph Warren brought his children a short time before the battle of Bunker Hill, and where the little family remained until after the evacuation of Boston

The Dix House, which formerly stood on Main Street on the site of the Knights of Pythias Building, is now on Fountain Street. Elijah Dix, a Worcester physician and druggist, built the house, acquired large property here, and established a drug-store in Boston, where in 1795 he removed with his family. His devotion to his patients when the people of Worcester were stricken with small-pox has been many times recalled. Dr. Dix had several interests besides those of his profession, and among other achievements raised the Dix pear, so long familiar to fruit-growers. Extensive investments

in the then wooded sections of Maine took him frequently to that State, where he became interested in colonization, and where on his last visit in 1809, in a contest with a number of squatters, he received injuries from which he died.

The story is told of a plot to drive Dr. Dix out of Worcester. Mr. Epler says concerning this: "A decoy call came at night summoning him to the bedside of an imaginary patient, on his way to which the plan was to waylay him in ambush. Thus trapped, the trick of the conspirators was to drive him from Worcester. The antagonism of his iron will and the unyielding purpose with which he relentlessly pursued certain enterprises had raised up enemies. Among the enterprises which they derided was the planting of Worcester shade-trees, an idea of which he was the father, and which made him the butt of ridicule. The turnpike from Boston to Worcester was also among the things of which he was the promoter. In his civic work this uncompromising stand for conviction had made him a target, and the shaft this night fell at his door. Divining the danger, he did not quail, but threw up the window and called out to the stable-boy in loud tones: 'Bring round my horse, and see that the pistols in my holsters are double-shotted; then give the bull-dog a piece of raw meat and turn him loose!' It is enough to say he was unmolested."

An earlier and equally interesting portion of the story of the Dix House concerns the children of General Joseph Warren. Just before the battle of Bunker Hill they were brought here by their Patriot father. Through the old rooms and across the extensive land that surrounded the house romped Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary, and Richard, while in harassed Boston brave men died for the cause they believed just, and in battle General Warren yielded up his life.

A lady, who lived in the house years ago, said that on a chamber window was cut, apparently with a diamond, the name of Mercy Scollay, who is said to have cared for the Warren children while they lived in Worcester. Correspondence is extant containing allusions to the Dix House in Worcester, some of the letters being written by General Warren to Dr. Dix. In a letter written from Boston, April 10, 1775, General Warren trusts that his children and family will arrive in Worcester by the following Thursday, April 13, 1775. Evidently, from letters that followed, General Warren contemplated purchasing the Dix place, as he planned for rental of extra land, also the purchase of horses. Miss Scollay mentions the great kindness shown to the Warren children by Dr. Dix and his wife.

The career of a country gentleman that General Warren had apparently planned was cut short by his death at Bunker Hill; and the little family left at Worcester were cared for by Dr. Dix, who on June 30, 1775, was assured by Dr. John Warren, a brother of the general, that he and his brothers would hold themselves responsible for their care.

Something of the indomitable spirit of her grandfather inspired Dorothea Lynde Dix, who was the pioneer worker among the world's

insane. A part of Miss Dix's childhood was spent in Worcester, and later she lived with her grandparents after their removal to Boston. After teaching school as early as 1816 in Worcester, Miss Dix came in touch with Dr. William Ellery Channing, with whose family a decade later she travelled as governess. Not long afterward, shocked at the conditions found among the insane, she began the important work of investigation and redemption for which she became world-famous. Her constant cry, after returning from extensive studies of the problem in Europe, was: "If I am cold, they are cold. If I am weary, they are distressed. If I am alone, they are abandoned!" Her service as nurse during the Civil War was a notable one. Pressing on from Baltimore, she revealed the plot of the South to attack Washington and capture President Lincoln.

SALISBURY MANSIONS

The homes of an old family that gave generously to Worcester

A century ago Main Street began and ended between the Old South Church on the Common and the old Salisbury Mansion in Lincoln Square. The thoroughfare was broad, and lined with shade-trees, behind which stood stately mansions, interspersed with churches, a school-house, a court-house, and an occasional shop and tavern. Of all the notable dwellings in this vicinity of a century past the old Salisbury Mansion alone remains,—a watchful sentinel since the year 1772, when Stephen Salisbury erected it for his home. Mr. Salisbury, of the commercial house of Samuel and Stephen Salisbury, was a merchant and one of the leading importers of Boston. In order to expand their business, the brothers opened a store in Worcester, Stephen Salisbury coming here for that purpose in 1767 and beginning business in a small building that then stood north of Lincoln Square. For three years Mr. Salisbury boarded at Timothy Paine's first home on Lincoln Street. Not long after this the young merchant built the mansion in Lincoln Square, where he lived for many years with his mother, to whom he was most devoted. The mansion was thrown open to many Worcester and Boston guests, over whom Madam Salisbury presided with the gentle grace that won for her a warm place in the hearts of those who were entertained there. Mrs. E. O. P. Sturgis, in recalling the mansion, says: "I recall distinctly the handsome old lady in the southwest parlor, which was her favorite room, and where in winter was always burning a bright wood fire, and probably this house was the last one in Worcester where the man servant would bring in the logs in what was called a 'leather apron,' a broad strip of leather with handles on each end. The house faced up Main Street and was always bathed in sunshine, and an unobstructed view was had of the whole length. There was a lawn in front of the house, divided by a stone walk, on both sides of which were shrubs and trees. On the east side of the house were parlors, from the windows of which one looked out on a strip of lawn, on which



From a photograph

THE SALISBURY MANSION
Lincoln Square

Taken for the Bank

were shrubs, and over Salisbury's Brook (the depth and width of which were regulated by the abundance of water or the reverse in the ponds in the northern part of the town) to Lincoln Street, a green field intervening between the brook and the street. All the surroundings were peaceful and quiet, and the only sound heard was the lapping of the water against the stone wall, which prevented the ground from being washed away."

Stephen Salisbury was one of the original associates of the Worcester Fire Society, organized in 1793 and still in existence, its members, as originally, limited to thirty, and now, though only a fire association by name, carrying out the ancient custom of publishing from time to time records of its associates. Mr. Salisbury married, after the death of his mother, Miss Elizabeth Tuckerman of Boston. It is the mansion of their son, Stephen Salisbury, 2d, that stands to-day on Highland Avenue, in which is said to be the finest circular staircase in Worcester. Among the many memorials to his son, Stephen Salisbury, 3d, are the Worcester Art Museum and Salisbury Park. Stephen Salisbury, 2d, on the death of Daniel Waldo, Jr., in 1845, became president of the old Worcester Bank—this office he held until his death in 1884, when he was succeeded by Stephen Salisbury, 3d.

To-day the mansion of the first Salisbury fronts the steady traffic

in Lincoln Square and the streets that branch from it. It is in full view of the site of the school-house where taught John Adams, second President of the United States; of the site of the Timothy Bigelow House, from which Colonel Bigelow departed to join the minute-men at Lexington; of the site of the old Hancock Arms, where occurred Revolutionary events; of Lincoln Street and the old Boston Road, over which have passed so many noted men; and of the equally famous Main Street, down which the old mansion witnessed the march of Washington when he passed through Worcester to take command of the troops at Cambridge in 1775. From its elevation on Highland Street, directly opposite, a later and more imposing Salisbury Mansion looks down, facing its progenitor. Both are mute reminders of men who gave generously to the city of their adoption,—gave of their lands and money and even their homes, that education, recreation, charity, and art might be fostered.

WALDO MANSIONS

The master of the first Waldo Mansion was unjustly arrested during Shays's Rebellion and afterward released on the payment of a barrel of West India rum. The father and son were the first and second presidents of the old Worcester Bank

The two Waldo Mansions, formerly owned and occupied by Daniel Waldo, Sr., and Daniel Waldo, Jr., still stand in Worcester, though so greatly changed that they are unlike the stately homes of former days. The first Waldo house is still in Lincoln Square; and here once lived Daniel Waldo, who with his son came to Worcester in 1782 and built the first brick store in the town, which he occupied for business. The good Boston merchant attracted much attention by what was then considered his extravagant ways of living, and by driving the first pleasure-carriage that was seen in Worcester. Seven years after he established his business here he was the largest taxpayer in the town.

During Shays's Rebellion, when the quiet of Worcester was disturbed by turbulent scenes at the Hancock Arms, at the Court House, and in the streets, a rumor spread that the soldiers staying at the tavern were being poisoned, that some traitor was in the town who caused this strange illness, which, it was predicted, would cause many deaths. A surgeon was called, who made a careful examination, and stated that some powerful drug was being administered through the sugar that was served in the soldiers' rum. Since this sugar was bought at the Waldo store, it was decided that Mr. Waldo must be the traitor. An officer at the head of a company of soldiers arrested the merchant, and escorted him to the Hancock Arms, then standing near his home, where he was formally accused of not being in favor of the rebellion (which was perfectly true and frankly admitted by Mr. Waldo), and was told that he would be held until one or more soldiers



From a print

Kinlness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE WORCESTER BANK AND WALDO MANSION

died of the poison, when he—the perpetrator of this outrage—would be promptly hanged. Fortunately, it was discovered that a considerable quantity of yellow snuff had accidentally dropped into the sugar with which the toddy was sweetened, and the prisoner was ordered to be released. He was, however, directed to first pay a fine of a barrel of West India rum. It may well be imagined that the Hon. Daniel Waldo, of the aristocratic tastes and the picturesque pleasure-chaise, disdainfully paid his “fine,” and sought the seclusion of his Lincoln Square mansion.

The portraits of Daniel and Rebecca Salisbury Waldo are in the Worcester Art Museum. Waldo Lincoln in his *Genealogy of the Waldo Family* relates the interesting story of the wife of Daniel Waldo, who as Rebecca Salisbury was a lovely Boston belle. At one time she rejected a reverend suitor, who, incensed at her coldness toward his wooing, vigorously asserted that she would be an old maid and “lead apes in Hell.” To which, in a flash, Rebecca Salisbury replied:—

““Lead apes in Hell”—’tis no such thing,
The story is to fool us,
But better there to hold a string
Than here let monkeys rule us.”

On the death of Daniel Waldo, Sr., in 1808, his son succeeded him not only in business, but for a brief period as the president of the old Worcester Bank. He lived in his father’s house on the east side of Lincoln Square until 1806, when he built for the use of the bank a

brick building on the site of the present Central Exchange. He lived in one part of this building until 1828, when he erected his mansion, where he and his maiden sisters lived until his death, on the site of the present Mechanics Hall. Governor Lincoln moved into the first Waldo Mansion while he awaited the completion of his own residence at the corner of Main and Elm Streets. The Waldo Mansion in 1845—the year of the death of Daniel Waldo, Jr.—was moved to Waldo Street, where, greatly changed, it still stands.

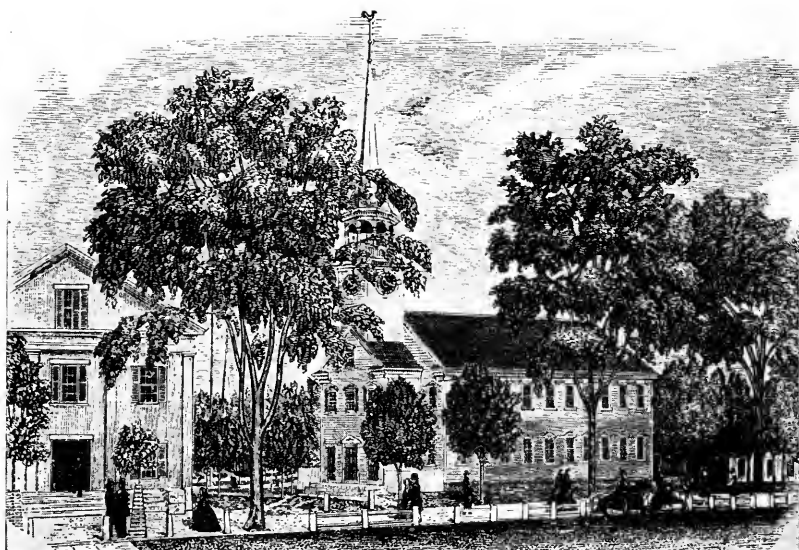
Daniel Waldo, Jr., was noted for his exactness in business. It is said that at one time he sent a special messenger to Holden to collect a bill of ten cents. He was a member of the famous Hartford Convention; the last survivor of the original members of the Worcester Fire Society, organized in 1793; the benefactor of his adopted city, giving land for the Rural Cemetery and building Central Church, as well as leaving, on his death, the greater part of his fortune to institutions and for philanthropic purposes.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

From the porch of which was read for the first time in Massachusetts the Declaration of Independence

Isaiah Thomas occupies a unique and an interesting place in colonial history. He had the courage to do a number of things, and not least among them was the interception of the messenger bearing a copy of the precious Declaration of Independence from Philadelphia and travelling with it post-haste to the Provincial Army in Boston. Mr. Thomas accosted the messenger as he paused at Worcester in July, 1776, for a short rest; and, having secured a copy of the Declaration in an issue of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, he read it—for the first time in New England—from the porch of the Old South Church. Afterward Mr. Thomas printed the document in the July 17th issue of the *Massachusetts Spy*, then owned and printed by him. This was the first appearance of the Declaration in any New England newspaper. After the crowd assembled on the Common had listened to Mr. Thomas's reading, they rushed to the Court House and the King's Arms Tavern, and without interference from any one removed the arms of Great Britain.

The Old South Church, which stood on the Common near the site of the present City Hall, was torn down in 1886, having occupied nearly the same spot as the second church building, erected in 1719. The first church in the town had been built of logs in 1717, near the junction of Green and Franklin Streets. In 1763 the Old South Church was built at a cost of £1,542. Judge John Chandler was the largest contributor, his gift for the new building being £40. Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, then pastor, preached the first sermon in the building on Thanksgiving Day, December 8, 1763. Tradition says that the timbers put into the church were brought from woods that



From a print

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH AND TOWN HALL 1828

were near the Common, in the vicinity of Union Hill; and it is well known that Daniel Hemenway, a noted church-builder of the day, with the aid of his brother Jacob, a carpenter, constructed the edifice. There is also a tradition that Jacob Hemenway's pew was at the left of the pulpit, and that through a convenient door the owner was able under the high pulpit to admit himself to a storeroom to which he held the key. Here he kept a home-brewed beverage with which he supplied the congregation at noon.

As the years passed, the old church was considerably changed inside and out, the principal renovations taking place in 1783, 1805, 1827-28, 1835, 1846, and 1871. The church-bell, weighing nearly a ton, installed at the beginning of the past century, was cast by Paul Revere & Sons in Boston; and the tower-clock, installed at about the same time, was made by Abel Stowell, the noted clock-maker. Among the early pastors of the church were the Rev. Andrew Gardner, the Rev. Isaac Burr, and the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty. The latter was pastor from 1747 until 1784. It is a singular fact that Mr. Burr, after serving the parish in Worcester for twenty years, was dismissed on account of certain differences of opinion among the congregation when the revivalist Whitefield had preached here. The Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, who at that time had a parish in Kingston, was dismissed from the church there for the very reason that Mr. Burr had been dismissed from Worcester. He nevertheless succeeded the second minister as pastor here.

TOWN HALL

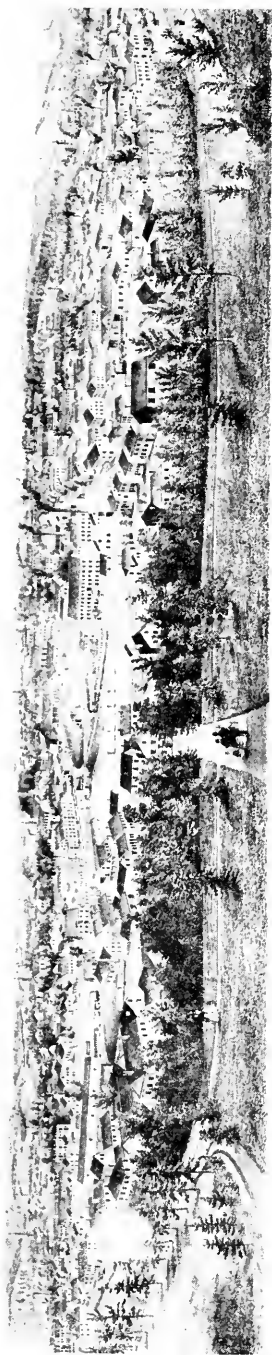
"This hall was the birthplace of the old 'Free Soil' party, and here was its cradle rocked . . . by men who have been since most honored in the councils of the nation, including Sumner, Wilson, Adams, Allen, Hoar, Palfrey, and Walker."—From Wall's Reminiscences

On historic Worcester Common, near the Old South Church, once stood the Town Hall, about which cluster many memories of historic interest. The corner-stone of the building was laid on August 2, 1824; and the following year the hall was dedicated with appropriate exercises, Governor John Davis and the Rev. Aaron Bancroft being among the speakers. The lower part of the building contained a hall in which public gatherings were held, while the upper story had smaller rooms for the use of the Masonic orders and the Agricultural Society. At once the Town Hall became the centre of town life. The famous cattle shows—annual events that drew thousands of visitors to Worcester—were held on the Common, while the agricultural exhibits were made in the Town Hall. As the need grew for larger quarters, the hall was rebuilt and changed considerably in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing population. The greatest change of all occurred in 1848, when Worcester became a city and when the building was converted into the City Hall. After its first enlargement in 1841, it was, until the building of Mechanics Hall (in 1857), the largest one in the city. On this account it became the rostrum of political conventions; and here, according to Wall, the old "Free Soil" party was born on June 21, 1848. The press of the time describes this first meeting as "a meeting of the citizens of Worcester opposed to the nominations of Gens. Zachary Taylor and Lewis Cass for presidency," and adds that the gathering was "large and enthusiastic as any ever assembled in Worcester."

Among the speakers at this meeting was Judge Charles Allen who offered the memorable resolution: "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts wears no chains, and *spurns all bribes*; that Massachusetts goes now, and will ever go, for free soil and free men, for free lips and a free press, for a free land and a free world."

This was but the beginning of the memorable contest that before its close drew to the old Town Hall at Worcester such men as Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and Abraham Lincoln. Victory followed the party born here; and two years after its principles were first set forth Charles Sumner was placed in the seat of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, while Henry Wilson, associated with Charles Allen in establishing the "Free Soil" party, died Vice-President of the United States.

In the old Town Hall (years ago torn down to make way for the present City Hall) were held the lectures of the Worcester Lyceum; here Jenny Lind sang in 1851; here were given the memorable con-

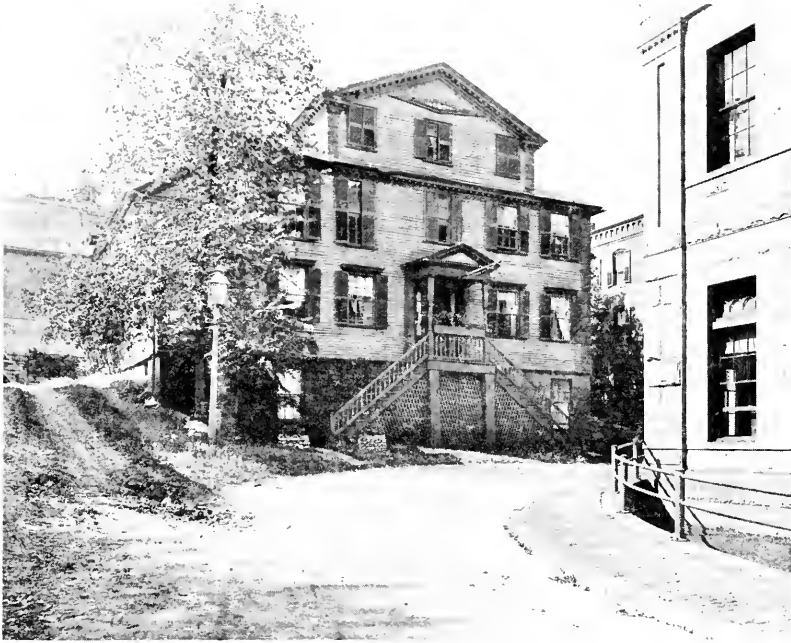


VIEW OF WORCESTER 1849
From the Insane Hospital

From a print



Kindness of Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt



From a photograph

THE ISAIAH THOMAS HOUSE

Taken for the Bank

certs of the Germania Band, of which Carl Zerrahn was the flutist and William Schultze the first violinist.

ISAIAH THOMAS HOUSE AND OFFICE

Isaiah Thomas, printer, publisher, and bookseller, just before the battle of Lexington removed his press to Worcester. He published the Massachusetts Spy, established the second paper-mill in the county, founded the American Antiquarian Society, and wrote The History of Printing in America.

Still standing a little back of the Court House for which Isaiah Thomas gave the site is the home of the famous Revolutionary printer and benefactor of Worcester. His little office on Court Hill in which he did his work has long since been removed to the Rural Cemetery, where, though greatly changed, it is carefully preserved. The life of Isaiah Thomas is filled with New England romance. In fact, it well represents the stirring times in which he lived. He was a native of Boston; and at the age of seven, "though he knew only the letters, and had not been taught to put them together and spell," he

was apprenticed to Zechariah Fowle, printer of ballads. Mounted on an eighteen-inch stool in order to reach the type-boxes, the young apprentice performed his tasks. At the age of seventeen he went to Nova Scotia, where he edited and printed the *Halifax Gazette* until his denunciations of the Stamp Act became so rabid that he was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere. After looking for employment in various parts of New England and the South, he returned to Boston at the age of twenty-one, and there became a partner of Fowle, his former master, in the publication of the *Massachusetts Spy*, a paper destined to become a power among the Patriots. Thereafter the young printer gave all his energy to the cause dearest to him. He became an ardent member of the Sons of Liberty. Frequently he worked all night in order that hand-bills for circulation through the colonies might be ready on the following morning. At last, so many times had his life been threatened and so perilous had his position become, he went shortly before the battle of Lexington to consult with John Hancock and others. It was deemed best for him to remove to Worcester; and, returning to Boston, he packed his presses and types, and, guided by General Joseph Warren and Colonel Timothy Bigelow, came by night to Worcester, where he set up his press in the basement of Colonel Bigelow's house in Lincoln Square. Here was resumed the publication of the famous *Spy*, bearing over the top the words, "*Americans!—Liberty or Death!—Join or Die!*" The number issued May 3, 1775, was the first printing done in Worcester. Later the *Spy* contained the first account of the battle of Lexington. Mr. Thomas became one of the most prominent publishers in America, and at one time he was among the best-known men on either side of the Atlantic. He served as postmaster at Worcester from 1775 until 1802. He became a bookseller, book-binder, and manufacturer of paper, having established the second mill in the county at Quinsigamond village in 1794. In 1812 he founded the American Antiquarian Society, which first kept its collections in Isaiah Thomas's house, and later was removed to Antiquarian Hall, built on Summer Street by Mr. Thomas for the society. After a singularly active life Mr. Thomas in 1802 retired to devote some years to the preparation of *The History of Printing in America* and *The Foundation of the American Antiquarian Society*. "A most public-spirited citizen," says Benjamin Thomas Hill, "Mr. Thomas gave liberally, not only to private charities, but to every local public work. He gave the land upon which the Court House was built in 1801, and personally supervised its erection and the laying out of the grounds about it. He laid out and gave to the town the street that bears his name, and a lot upon it for a school-house. He contributed largely, both in money and in time, to the enlargement of Lincoln Square and the building of the stone bridge there; he was one of the founders and one of the most substantial supporters of the Second Parish. He was a member of many of the learned societies of the country, including the historical societies of Massachusetts and New York. In 1814 he

received the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College, and in 1818 that of Doctor of Laws from Alleghany College. He was a prominent Mason, and was at one time grand master of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge. From February, 1812, to June, 1814, he was one of the justices of the Court of Sessions."

The death of Isaiah Thomas occurred on April 4, 1831, at the age of eighty-two.

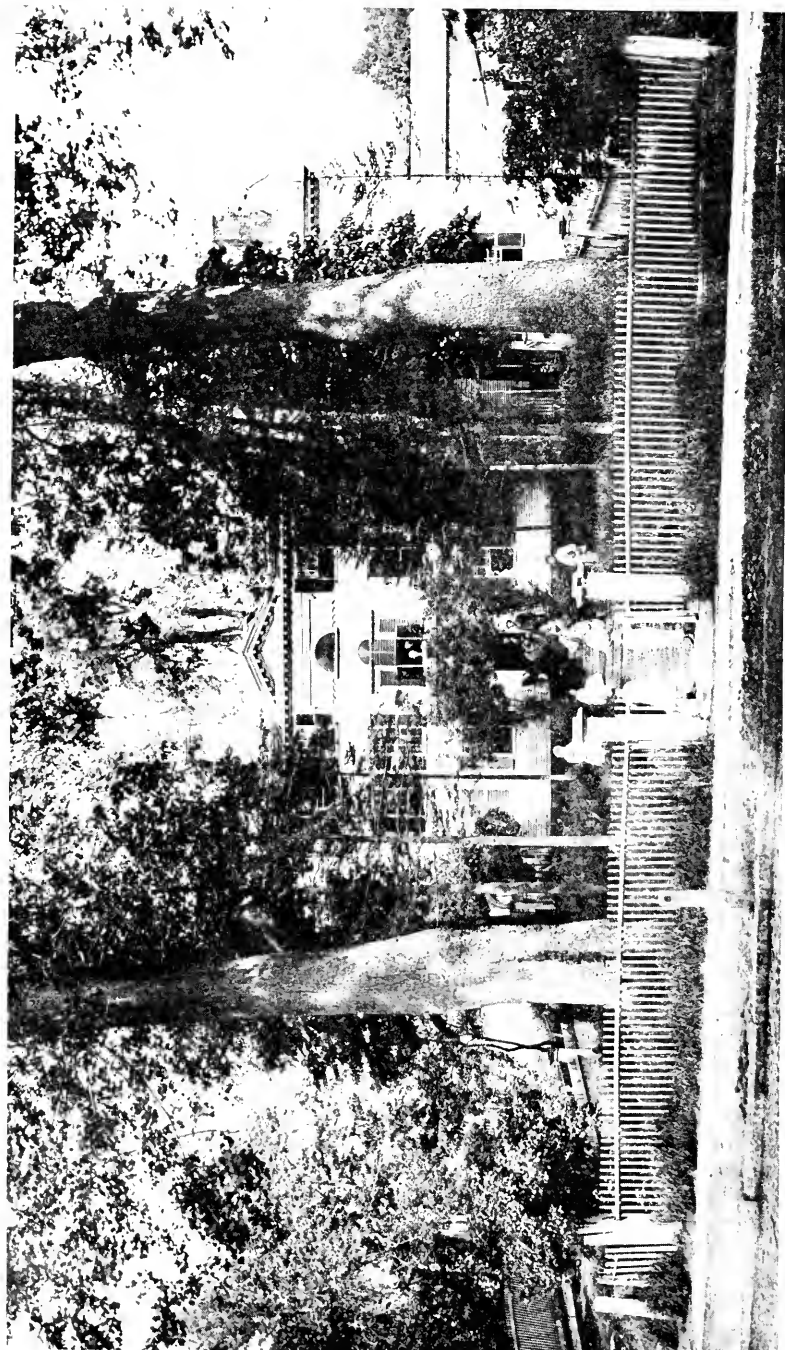
GARDINER CHANDLER HOUSE

Near which, in honor of the marriage of Hannah Chandler in 1778, Burgoyne's Band played during the ceremony

Gardiner Chandler, whose mansion (built by him about 1750) stood on Main Street, opposite the Common, was a brother of that Colonel John Chandler called in England, after his exile from America, "the Honest Refugee" on account of his allegiance to the king. The *Boston News-Letter* of October 16, 1760, notes the fact that the "house of Mr. Sheriff Chandler and others of that town [Worcester] were beautifully illuminated on account of the success of his Majesty's Arms in America," the item referring to Amherst's victory at Montreal in September of the same year. Even after the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, when Hannah, daughter of Gardiner Chandler, was married to John Williams of Boston, Burgoyne's Band came down from Rutland, and played before the house the entire evening. The master of the house had been a brave officer in the French and Indian War, after which his native town bestowed many honors on him, among others that of the office of sheriff. John Adams in his diary speaks of the Chandler brothers as "well-bred, agreeable people." The Chandler Mansion, after being for some years occupied by the family, was finally owned by Judge Barton until its removal to make way for a modern brick block.

Though Sheriff Chandler, in spite of his Tory sympathies, was left unmolested by his fellow-townsmen even after the selectmen had dubbed him among "the esteemed enemies to this and the other United States of America," his brother, Colonel John Chandler, met a less kindly fate. It may be that the action of his son, Clark Chandler, the town clerk who was obliged to blot out an entry he made on the town books, had something to do with his father's exile. At any rate both the son and father were banished and their property was confiscated. At the time of his banishment John Chandler was by far the richest man in Worcester. He had been the largest contributor toward the building of the Old South Church, where, clad in his bright red clothes, he had been a conspicuous attendant. He never returned to Worcester again, but spent his remaining days in England, where he died in 1800.

The mansion house of "the Honest Refugee" was eventually bought by Ephraim Mower in 1803, after Mrs. Chandler had ceased to live in it. The house had been given her as a special dower by the



From a photograph

THE GARDINER CHANDLER HOUSE

town. It was converted into the Sun Tavern, which in 1818 gave place to the United States Hotel, the old house being moved to Mechanic Street. It is an interesting fact that the first tavern in Worcester was built about 1722 on this site by Captain Moses Rice. Clark Chandler, the son of Judge Chandler, eventually returned to Worcester, where, after he was imprisoned and finally pardoned, he succeeded in establishing a store.

Paine recalls that it was "from the Chandler house, in 1786, that the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, just called to settle over the Second parish in Worcester, was married to Lucretia Chandler, daughter of Col. Chandler, and for a while occupied the house. It was in the fall or winter of 1786, at the time of the famous Shays rebellion, when the leader of the insurgents demanded that some of his men should be admitted to the Chandler house, that Dr. Bancroft refused to admit them, saying that they could not come in except over his dead body."

Among the distinguished grandchildren of Colonel Chandler were George Bancroft (the historian), the wife of Governor John Davis, and the wife of Governor Levi Lincoln.

ABIJAH BIGELOW HOUSE

In front of this house Squire Bigelow planted several pear-trees for the refreshment of the thirsty wayfarer,—without reckoning on the depredations of small boys

"In talking with my friend not long ago, I used the phrase 'to run like a lamplighter.' 'And how do lamplighters run?' was the rejoinder. And my mind went back to old, almost forgotten times, when, as a little girl, I stood, in the dusk of the winter evening at my grandfather's parlour window to see the lamps lighted. A little old man, muffled up in a comforter, came along at a dog trot, with his short ladder and oil cans, and putting the ladder against the post lit the evening lamp, and ran on to the next one. And so we used to say 'run like a lamplighter.'" Thus charmingly Elizabeth Bigelow Updike begins one of the gems of New England literature,—a little book called *In the Old Days*, privately printed in Boston in 1896, in which she describes the home of her grandfather ("Squire" Abijah Bigelow) that once stood on Front Street at the corner of Church. The house eventually was made into the first City Hospital.

Here in the large white wooden house lived the kindly "Squire" of old and established family, dispensing generously a hospitality for which he was justly famous, and enjoying to the utmost his gardens, his silkworms and bees. His family consisted of one son and four daughters,—Anne, Mary, Hannah, and Lucinda. Outside of his office was a sign in gilt letters, on which was the name "Abijah Bigelow, Counsellor at Law." Inside were well-filled bookshelves, and here the "Squire" attended to business and prior to the Mexican



From a photograph

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

THE ABIJAH BIGELOW HOUSE

War swore in recruits. "The office," continues Mrs. Updike, "was always full of interest. My grandfather, who was a quiet, scholarly man, singularly devoid of worldly ambition, for a good many years amused his leisure moments by keeping silkworms in its upper story. I think there was a craze for them about this time, and I used to admire extremely the cocoons, covered with yellow silk, which I was not allowed to touch. I don't know what practical purpose this ever answered—probably none—but I remember that the crawling things were superseded by bees and a plentiful yield of honey."

It was Squire Bigelow who, mindful of the needs of the thirsty wayfarer, conceived the idea of planting pear-trees in front of his house, in order that those who needed fruit might help themselves. Unfortunately, he reckoned not on the boys of the neighborhood, who were thick as bees long before the fruit was ripe. And many a time the "Squire," flourishing a cane, was obliged to run to the front door to scatter the youngsters. A pear was never known to remain long enough to ripen. The garden at the rear of the Bigelow estate was especially beautiful.

The interior of the Bigelow house showed the quaintness of its day. The handsome staircase, near which hung the fire-buckets required in the olden time; the "west parlour," where was the piano, the

first owned in Worcester; the old chairs and old mirrors and old prints, and the hall-clock that ticked away the wonderful hours,—were all a part of the old-fashioned, delightful home-life that belongs to a century ago. Modern buildings now occupy the site of the Bigelow House; but to-day, as the wayfarer passes the corner on which it once stood, it is pleasant to recall “Squire” Bigelow’s pear-trees, and, on passing the spot where once flourished the garden, to revive the odor of its mignonette.

NATHAN BALDWIN-EATON HOUSE

A notable disputant of his day—Nathan Baldwin—lived here. He is recalled by John Adams, and is remembered as the author of spicy instructions to the General Court

For many years Nathan Baldwin was the registrar of deeds in Worcester. Though he did not live long after the close of the Revolutionary War, during the conflict he was a leading figure, a friend of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, and one of the organizers of the Political Society. It is believed that Mr. Baldwin owned and occupied this house about 1760. As early as 1755, when John Adams came to Worcester as schoolmaster, Mr. Baldwin had already established a record as a “notable disputant,” being then engaged in a religious controversy that was sweeping through the town. Baldwin himself was regarded as something of a skeptic.

Among the forceful writings of Mr. Baldwin are his instructions to the representative in 1767: “That you use your influence to obtain a law to put an end to that unchristian and impolitic practise of making slaves of the human species in this province.” It was during the war that Baldwin’s pen caustically condemned speculation in foodstuffs and other goods, and branded those who speculated in them as “an augmented number of locusts and canker-worms, in human form, who have increased and proceeded along the road of plunder, until they have become obviously formidable, and their contagious influence dangerously prevalent—pestilential mushrooms of trade, which have come up in the night of public calamity, and ought to perish in the same night.”

After the “notable disputant’s” death in 1783 the part of his estate on which his house stood passed to his son-in-law, Nathaniel Coolidge, who sold the house to William Eaton. Mr. Eaton improved the estate, though it has been recalled that his pig-pen, which stood next to the Calvinistic Congregational Church, of course proved disagreeable to the worshippers. They couldn’t help themselves in any way, as a man owning a place might keep his pigs, and as many as he wanted, where he chose. On Mr. Eaton’s demise in 1859, well past his ninetieth year, his daughter, Miss Sally, whose birth had occurred in 1800, lived in the old home. In 1887 she passed away in the room in which she was born.



From a photograph

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE BALDWIN-EATON HOUSE

Main Street

An interesting article in the *Worcester Magazine*, published just before the demolition (about fifteen years ago) of the old landmark to make way for the Thule Building at the north corner of Main and George Streets, recalls Miss Eaton: "Had all that Sally Chadwick Eaton told of the times so vividly remembered been recorded, many items to-day subjects of dispute, would be settled beyond peradventure. The growth of the city was a subject of never-ending wonder. She was eight years old when the brick building opposite was erected, and became in canal times the 'Blackstone House,' though the public dubbed it the 'Canal Boat.' . . . She said that it was possible for her to stand in the old front door, and see skaters from Fox's mill to Lincoln Square." Fox's Mill, referred to by Miss Eaton, was at the southerly end of Green Street, and is also known as the Old Red Mill.

The last owner of the estate was Dr. Rebecca Barnard, who cherished the traditions for which the old mansion was justly known. The house at the time of its demolition was considered the oldest house then standing on its original site in the city. There arose a question after it was torn down as to whether Mr. Baldwin was the

builder, and it was pointed out that the house stood on a part of a tract of fifty-four acres given by the original proprietors of the town to Daniel Heywood in 1714. Heywood deeded a part of the tract to his son-in-law, Asa Moore, a blacksmith; and in 1757 the blacksmith sold his part of the tract to Samuel Moore "with my house and barn and also my blacksmith shop." In 1768 the property was conveyed to Nathan Baldwin; and it is assumed that the dwelling later known as the Baldwin-Eaton House was built with Asa Moore's blacksmith's shop as a basis, and that added to it was a small house that he moved from another part of the town.

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE

Where Washington and Lafayette had breakfast

The old Exchange Coffee House still stands at the corner of Main and Market Streets, but much altered from the original tavern that Nathan Patch built in 1784. For more than a quarter of a century after the Revolution it was the leading public-house in Worcester, and probably no tavern here has had a greater variety of names. When it was first opened, it was called the United States Arms. During the well-known period when Colonel Reuben Sikes, of stage-line fame, made it the starting and departing point for stage-coaches to all parts of New England, the hotel was known as Sikes's Coffee House and Sikes's Stage House; while under the régime of Captain Thomas it was called Thomas's Exchange Coffee House and Thomas's Temperance Exchange, the temperance movement having then just begun. Later it was known as the Exchange Hotel and The Exchange Coffee House, and as such maintained its place as one of the leading hotels in Worcester up to the time of the opening of the railroads, about 1835.

Three historic events that occurred at this tavern make it an interesting landmark,—its connection with Shays's Rebellion in September, 1786, the visit of Washington in 1789, and that of Lafayette in 1825.

In the eventful September of 1786, when Shays's men prevented the opening of court at the Court House, Chief Justice Artemas Ward held court at this tavern; also in the following November, when the insurgents still reigned over Worcester. The tavern again came into prominence in 1789, when Washington visited here for the second time during his tour of New England after he had been elected President. His journey to Worcester was a continuous reception, and great preparations were made for his visit here on October 23. A delegation of some forty citizens marched to the Leicester line to meet the Chief Executive, who, as soon as he came in sight of the Old South Church, was greeted by the roar of cannon. The Worcester Company of Artillery was the occasion of comment by the President. After breakfasting at the Exchange Coffee House (then the

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,

Worcester, Mass.,



The Exchange Coffee House and General Stage Office,

By SAMUEL B. THOMAS, (the present Proprietor.)

Is one of the largest and most commodious Establishments in the United States. The Proprietor pledges himself that the weary Traveller may find quiet Rest and comfortable Refreshment at this House. It is provided with Warm Rooms and Water Closets; and it is situated in the centre of the beautiful Village of Worcester, opposite the New Brick Church, and within a few yards of the Court House and Aqueduct Hall, ten miles from Boston, on the great post road to New-York, Albany, and various other important places. This has been long known and kept for many years as the only important Stage House in the town, Stages moving during the day in almost every direction to and from this place. Extra Stages and private Carriages may be had at the shortest notice.

From a print

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

United States Arms), President Washington passed through town on horseback; and after the presidential salute he was escorted several miles along his route.

Lafayette on his way from Albany to Boston, where he was to assist in laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, stopped for breakfast at the Exchange Coffee House on June 15, 1825. This was the general's second visit to Worcester; and, though he was travelling at as great speed as stage-coaches would allow in order to be in Boston for the ceremony, he had a brief rest at the tavern, to which he was accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his private secretary. The old tavern at this time was in its heyday, having passed nearly two decades under the management of Colonel Reuben Sikes, one of its most notable owners, who did much to connect the towns of New England with stage-coach lines, and who was one of the founders of the lines between Boston and Hartford. His successor, Captain Samuel B. Thomas, kept the tavern at the time of Lafayette's second visit to Worcester.



From a photographure

Kindness of Louisa Trumbull Roberts

THE TRUMBULL MANSION

TRUMBULL MANSION

Built in 1751, and used by the courts until 1801. The scene of the gathering and dispersal of Shays's men in 1786

More than three-quarters of a century ago the Second Court House, built in 1751 and used by the courts until 1801, was converted into a dwelling-house, and moved to Trumbull Square, from which in 1900 it was moved to its present site on Massachusetts Avenue and rebuilt by Susan Trumbull. Amid its present lovely surroundings there is nothing suggestive of the former seat of justice nor of the turbulent scenes of which the old mansion was a witness when it occupied its first site on Court Hill. And it is hard to imagine just how important and picturesque a part "court weeks" played in the early history of Worcester, and the splendor of the judges in their red robes and wigs, "more solemn and more pompous," as John Adams suggests, "than that of the Roman Senate when the Gauls broke in upon them." With so solemn an assembly in the Second Court House we must picture to ourselves the flood of life that surged through Main Street, the festive scenes enacted there, and the gay parties that came to town to celebrate, and lastly the motley groups of jockeys that came from all parts of Worcester County to help the festivities. The familiar tradition of Old Grimes, who always gave as much trouble as possible to the guardians of the law, is frequently recalled.

Grimes had made a bet that he could ride a horse into the court-room. At full gallop he started down Main Street, rode pell-mell into the Court House, and straight into the court-room, where, on

meeting the indignant look of lawyers and judges assembled there, he gallantly removed his hat, and with a fine sweep of his arm announced that his horse had run away and seemed bent on attending court. The horse, as though to confirm her master's mischief and complete the wager made, kicked up her heels and left the mark of a hoof on one of the doors.

The Court House was the centre of the stirring events of Shays's Rebellion, which began early in 1784, when the Court of Common Pleas, because of the poverty caused by the war, was swamped with several thousand suits. When two years passed without the progress that was deemed necessary, an army of men gathered, marched to Worcester, and took possession of the Court House, openly defying the justices and members of the bar to enter, in September, 1786. At the beginning of this reign of lawlessness, General Artemas Ward, then chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and formerly first Commander-in-chief of the American Revolution and victor of the evacuation of Boston, was summoned to quell the rebellion. Strange to say, Captain Daniel Shays, the ringleader, was a former captain of Ward. On the first Tuesday of this eventful September, 1786, General Ward and his court of jurists were ordered to halt on their way to the Court House. Hardly had this order been given, when clear and sharp came General Ward's command, "*Present arms!*"

This order was obeyed within a short distance of the spot where to-day the motto, "Obedience to Law is Liberty," is carved on the present Court House. With military tread General Ward and his party passed up the hill.

Presenting fixed bayonets, former officers, neighbors, and friends of General Ward greeted his approach. Nearing the entrance, he was met by bayonets that pierced his clothing. Steadfastly refusing to retreat, General Ward heard the drums beat and the order given to charge. In wrath the old officer faced his soldiers:—

"I do not value your bayonets; you might plunge them into my heart; but while that heart beats I will do my duty; when opposed to it, my life is of little consequence; if you will take away your bayonets and give me some position where I can be heard by my fellow-citizens and not by the leaders alone, who have deceived and deluded you, I will speak, but not otherwise."

The muskets, at the clear note of command in the speaker's voice, were dropped. A way was made, and Chief Justice Ward for two hours addressed the people. Eventually abandoning Worcester as the scene of their uprising, the Shays leaders scattered their forces over other parts of Massachusetts, always pursued by the vigilance of General Ward. Relentlessly he followed them, even when they camped opposite his own house and the sparks of their camp-fires snapped in front of the very threshold over which he passed to and from his labors. Eventually he stamped out the rebellion and put the last misguided soldier to flight. So in Worcester began and ended the notorious Shays Rebellion, which but for the iron hand of the

old Revolutionary general might have kindled larger fires in the Commonwealth.

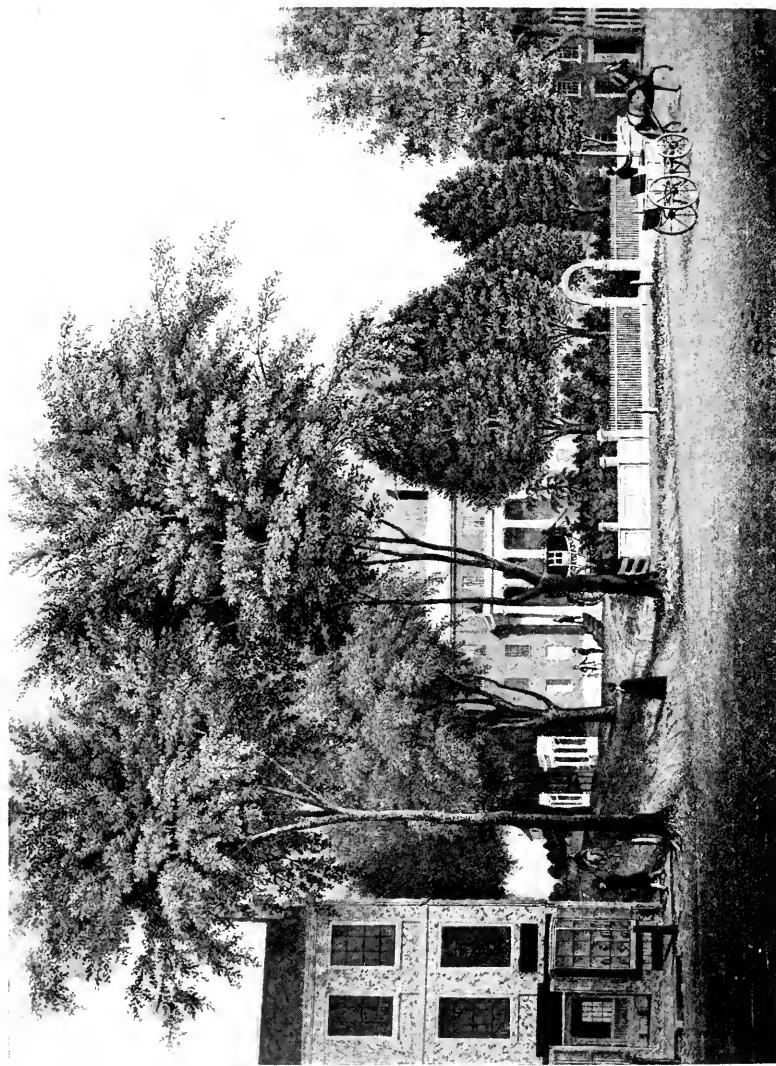
After it was decided to erect a new Court House, the old building was sold, and the then colossal task of removing it from Court Hill to Trumbull Square was undertaken. Twenty yoke of oxen were employed; and, as the task was not completed when Sunday came, the house was left that day in the middle of Main Street. Eventually the house became the property of James and Thomas H. Perkins, Boston merchants, who founded the Boston Athenæum and the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Dr. Joseph Trumbull with his family lived in the house, and here have occurred fifteen births, nine marriages, and seven deaths of the family. The mansion was torn down in 1899, the timbers purchased by Miss Susan Trumbull. The house was rebuilt by her and the Court Room restored by her. The mansion is now owned by Mary Louisa Trumbull Roberts.

Probably no city can boast of a better preserved landmark nor one with which are associated more noted names. Here assembled the Chandlers, Paines, Putnams, and Ruggleses, all Loyalists; here presided General and Chief Justice Artemas Ward and Judge and Governor Levi Lincoln; here preached the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of the Second (Unitarian) Parish, from 1785 to 1792, when the present church was completed; here was the scene of the Shays riots; and here for nearly a century have lived members of the Trumbull family, cherishing the traditions of the mansion and thereby lending dignity and beauty to the ancient dwelling.

LEVI LINCOLN MANSION

Here were entertained Lafayette, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln

One of the historic spots in Worcester was formerly occupied by the King's Arms Tavern and later by the Levi Lincoln Mansion, in its last days converted into a hotel and known both as the Worcester House and the Lincoln House. A part of the site is now occupied by the Lincoln Block at Main and Elm Streets. As early as 1732 one Captain Thomas Stearne kept a tavern here; and in 1772, just when the war-clouds of the Revolution began to gather, his widow, Mary Stearne, became his successor, and kept the hostelry until her death in 1784. Mrs. Stearne in her ancient dwelling, bearing on its sign-board the king's arms, witnessed many of the stirring events that preceded the Revolution; for here assembled ardent Loyalists, and here in 1774 was prepared by Dr. William Paine, James Putnam, and others, the famous Loyalist protest. It is a well-known fact that this protest was entered on the town books by the town clerk, Clark Chandler, who was afterward compelled by the Worcester Patriots in their presence "to obliterate, erase, or otherwise deface the said recorded protest, and the names thereto subscribed, so that it became



From an old print

THE LINCOLN MANSION

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

Built about 1813, remodelled about 1835, then becoming the Worcester House

utterly illegible and unintelligible." The "illegible" page in fac-simile is familiar to students of Worcester history, whereon not only was each line carefully checked out, but afterward Clark Chandler was requested to dip his finger into the ink and further obliterate the record. A vote was then passed, advising the clerk to be more careful in the future regarding the discharge of his duties and not to give the town the trouble of calling another special meeting regarding his behavior.

On the eventful day in July, 1776, when a messenger riding post-haste from Philadelphia to Boston, and bearing a copy of the Declaration of Independence, stopped in Worcester to bait his horse, the paper, as we have elsewhere stated, was read by Isaiah Thomas in front of the Old South Church, and afterward the crowd assembled went to the Court House and there removed the British arms. After burning the emblem, they repaired to the King's Arms Tavern, where a similar fire was kindled with the arms from that hostelry. Among the toasts drunk that evening were:—

"May the enemies of America be laid at her feet!"

"Perpetual itching without benefit of scratching, to the enemies of America!"

"George rejected and liberty protected!"

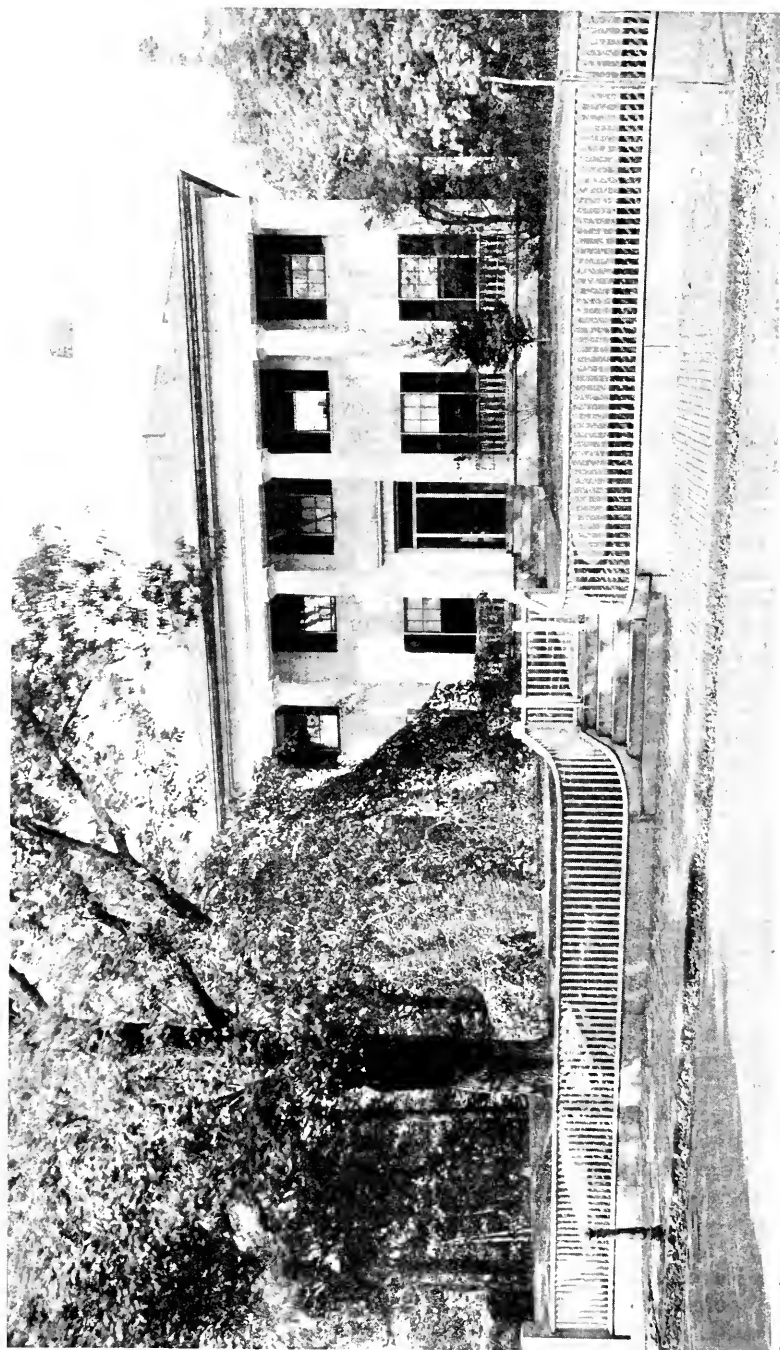
"Sore eyes to all Tories, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone!"

"May the freedom and independency of America endure, till the sun grows dim with age and this earth returns to chaos!"

About 1784 the old tavern with eighty acres of land was purchased by William Sever, whose daughter became the wife of Levi Lincoln. Some years later Mr. Lincoln built on the tavern site the mansion that became one of the show-places in Massachusetts. It remained his residence from 1812 until 1835, and during these years were entertained in it some of the most famous men America has known. The stately mansion was surrounded by trees and shrubs that enhanced the natural beauty of the spot. Just prior to his building a new home, Governor Lincoln had Elm Street cut through, toward which his former dwelling in its later days faced. This was after stores had been built on the spacious grounds that fronted Main Street.

The notable years of the Lincoln Mansion are from 1825 until 1834, when Levi Lincoln was chief executive of Massachusetts. Afterward he was representative to Congress and the collector of the port of Boston. To the mansion in 1824 came Lafayette, passing through Main Street between throngs of men, women, and children assembled to do him homage. At the gates of the Lincoln Mansion thousands greeted the distinguished Frenchman; and on entering the house he was received by a committee whose chairman, Judge Lincoln, said in part:—

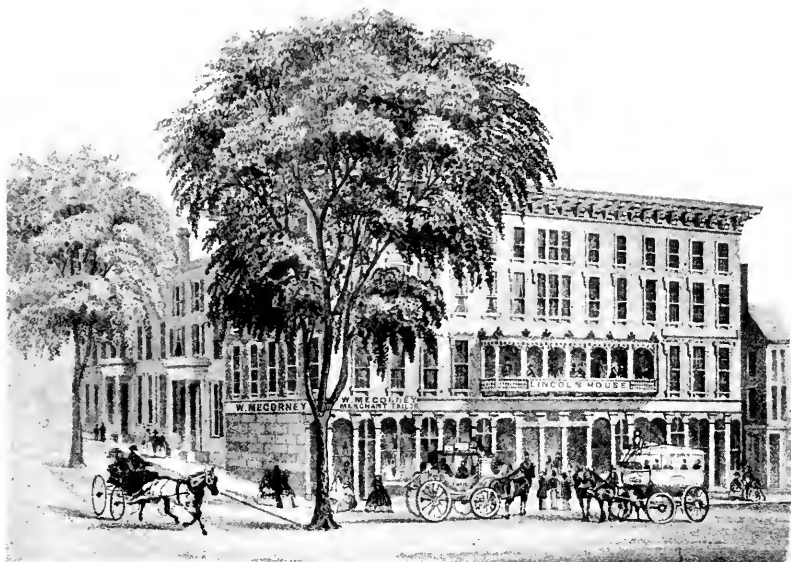
"Your name, sir, is not only associated with the memorable events of the Revolution, with the battle of Brandywine, the retreat from Valley Forge, the affair near Jamestown, and the triumph at Yorktown, but the memorials of your services, and our obligations, exist in



From a photograph

THE WALDO LINCOLN MANSION

Taken for the Bank



From a print

Kindness of Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt

THE LINCOLN HOUSE 1860

Main Street

the Independence of the nation, which was accomplished in the government of the people, which is established in the institutions and laws, the arts, improvements, liberty, and happiness which are enjoyed. The sword was beaten into the ploughshare to cultivate the soil which its temper had generously defended, and the hill-tops shall now echo to the seashore the gratulations of the independent proprietors of the land to the common benefactor of all ranks and classes of the people."

Lafayette, after expressing his deep appreciation to the citizens of Worcester for their kindness, was conducted to the dining-room, where breakfast was served. He greeted the citizens again in the afternoon, and stood at the gate of the Lincoln Mansion while the troops marched past. A committee accompanied his coach for several miles on its way to New York.

Other distinguished guests entertained at the Lincoln Mansion were Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, and Henry Clay. After Governor Lincoln built his new mansion on Elm Street, now occupied by his grandson, Waldo Lincoln, his former home was converted into a hotel and called the Worcester House. David T. Brigham was its first owner and proprietor. When the Lincoln House Block was built, the entrance of the hotel was transferred to Elm Street, and the name changed to the Lincoln House. Famous

guests were received here. In 1837 a dinner was given to John Bell of Tennessee and William G. Graves of Kentucky, who had won their way into the graces of Worcester County politicians through their friend and champion, Henry Clay. Daniel Webster on July 3, 1848, addressed from the front portico of the hotel a crowd gathered on the grounds. Abraham Lincoln in 1848 was a guest at the Lincoln House, having made a speech in the old City Hall and afterward another from the portico of the old depot on Foster Street.

ICHABOD WASHBURN HOUSE

"Ichabod Washburn raises his house without using any ardent spirits.

Believed to be the first instance of the kind in New England."—

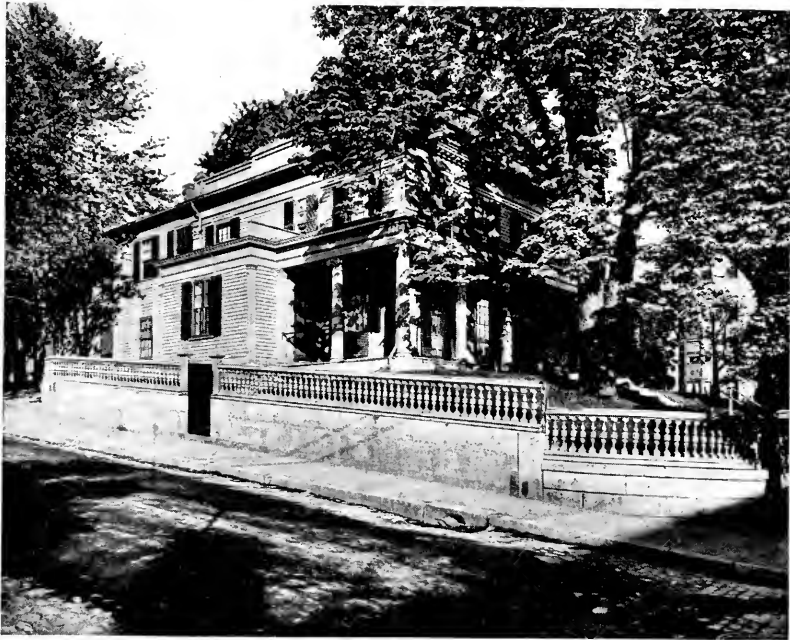
Diary of Christopher C. Baldwin, May 28, 1829

Not least among the blacksmiths who began their careers in Worcester is Ichabod Washburn, an excellent representative of the indomitable spirit of New England,—honest, devout, thrifty, and benevolent. In the spring of 1814, when he was sixteen years old, following the custom of the young men of the day who went forth to seek their fortunes, young Ichabod walked from Kingston to Worcester, where, with the promise of six weeks' schooling every year, he was to learn his trade as a blacksmith in the shop of Ira Robinson. The homesick days that followed the boy's arrival at "Sikes's Tavern" he frequently recalled in after-years, adding that his two great companions were his Bible and a Memoir of Harriet Newell. Before his apprenticeship was ended, he visited his birthplace in Kingston, and has graphically described his journey of seventy miles on horseback. His wardrobe, carried on one side of his saddle-bag, was scant,—almost as scant as the provisions carried on the other side. His funds at the time consisted of an uncurrent five-dollar Ohio bank-bill and a three-dollar bill. Much to his disappointment, one of the bills was discounted at a tavern where he offered it in payment for oats consumed by his horse.

On his return to Worcester in 1819 he again busied himself at a forge; and one day, while employed at his work, he was asked to contribute toward a fund then being raised. Scarcely knowing what to do, he was urged by a bystander, "Put down fifty cents, young man, and you will soon see it come back to you again." This was the beginning of the benevolences that long before Mr. Washburn's death resulted in the giving of thousands of dollars to the town of his adoption.

Soon afterward Mr. Washburn began the manufacture of lead pipe,—an industry then in its infancy in America. On the increased demand for woolen machinery, Mr. Washburn took into partnership Benjamin Goddard, with whom he established the firm of Washburn & Goddard, employing thirty men and having the distinction of making the first woolen condenser and long-roll spinning-jack that was made in Worcester County, and one of the first in America.

Mr. Washburn, after manufacturing wire and wood screws, began



From a photograph

Kindness of A. G. Warren

THE ICHABOD WASHBURN HOUSE

in 1831 to manufacture iron wire, improving his machinery constantly. In 1834 Stephen Salisbury built a mill for Mr. Washburn, who continued the manufacture on his own account until 1850, when he took into partnership his son-in-law, P. L. Moen. The museum of the American Steel and Wire Company to-day is rich in reminders of the founder of this business in Worcester.

In 1829 Ichabod Washburn built the house recently torn down at the corner of Arch and Summer Streets. He had considerable difficulty in securing workmen who were willing to do without their rations of rum; but after a careful canvass, when everybody seemed to be of the opinion that, if he waited for men to go without rum, he would be a long time without a house, on promise of substantial remuneration he succeeded in having a house-raising without rum. This is said to be the first instance of the kind in New England. Instead of stimulants, lemonade, crackers, cheese, and small beer were served.

Mr. Washburn's benevolences to Worcester were many. He contributed generously toward the erection of Mechanics Hall, giving outright \$25,000. He was also instrumental in the building of the Bay State House, where years ago so many noted men assembled when

in the city. The Mission Chapel building and the Industrial School were built by him, and on his death he left a large sum for the endowment of the first City Hospital. These are but instances of the many institutions mentioned in his will.

But, above all,—with due consideration for Ichabod Washburn as a benefactor and successful business man,—he must be regarded as a fine representative of the rich old New England stock that once possessed so much noble courtesy, well described by Frothingham:—

“Tho’ modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written Gentleman.”

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT HOUSE

“I have written fifty-four volumes. In every one it has been my endeavor to make the inhabitants of this sad world more brotherly,—better and happier.”—John S. C. Abbott

John S. C. Abbott, member of the famous Bowdoin College class of 1825, in which also were graduated Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Cheever, began, it is said, his literary career in the house once standing near the corner of Lincoln and Frederick Streets. Dr. Abbott was born in Brunswick, Maine, September 18, 1805, and, while living amid the then primitive conditions of his native State, laid the foundation for the vigor and sturdiness that characterized his life-work. His student life at Bowdoin College has been summed up by Mr. S. P. Benson, an eminent lawyer, who was his classmate. “John,” he said, “never did a mean thing, he never said a coarse thing, he never had an enemy while he was in college.”

It is an interesting fact that, while students at Bowdoin, Abbott and Longfellow, at the suggestion of some college-mates, each wrote a poem. A committee was appointed to decide which was the better, it having been previously recognized that both young men had decided literary ability. Strange to say, Abbott won the laurels, though, so far as is known, he never afterward seriously considered writing verse. After his graduation from college, Dr. Abbott became the principal of the academy at Andover, Massachusetts. Eventually he graduated from Andover Seminary, and afterward accepted a call from the Central Calvinistic Church at Worcester, beginning his pastorate there in the latter part of 1829.

It was while living in his Lincoln Street house that Dr. Abbott delivered before a mothers’ association of his parishioners a series of lectures concerning the life and duties of the parent, drawing freely from his memories of homes he had known. Undoubtedly, his own lovely home-life in Maine and his mother’s tender care and patience formed a part of his theme. Having made a success of a little book that he had published for children, Dr. Abbott, at the suggestion of his friends, concluded to offer his lectures for publication under the



From a photograph

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE JOHN S. C. ABBOTT HOUSE

title of *The Mother at Home*. Immediately there was a demand for the volume; and the publisher, who had reluctantly accepted the task of printing the book, reported a sale of ten thousand copies in six months. The book appeared in England, and was translated into many European and Asiatic languages.

While filling his office as a clergyman for forty years, Dr. Abbott occupied eight different pulpits. His Worcester pastorate extended from 1829 until 1834, when illness prevented his resuming his work for about a year. It was probably during this time that he seriously considered a literary career. His brother, the Rev. Jacob Abbott, became famous as the writer of the "Rollo" books. Probably Dr. Abbott earned his fame by his *Life of Napoleon I*. He began this work, for which he was greatly criticised, at a time when a deep-seated hatred was felt in America for Napoleon, when the great French general was judged by English standards, when the then well-known Cape Cod epitaph was felt to be true,—a belief in which Dr. Abbott himself once shared:—

"Beside this stone, beneath this sod,
Lies Bonaparte, the scourge of God,
Virtue's detractor, Freedom's end,
Hell's benefactor, Satan's friend.
While here the tyrant sleeps in death,
Let us thank God he took his breath."

Dr. Abbott nevertheless wrote of Napoleon as he actually believed him to be from studies he had made in both America and France. He supplemented his first volume by an equally interesting one, the *Life of Napoleon III.*, and, while preparing it, visited Paris and conversed with Louis Napoleon. The Napoleon family rewarded his services on its behalf by presenting him with a gold medal valued at about fifty dollars, this being given in acknowledgment of a copy of his history that had been presented to the emperor.

Following his daily motto, "Hard writing makes easy reading," Dr. Abbott constantly wrote and rewrote whole volumes. Of his *Lives of the Presidents*, and indeed of every book he wrote, he said, "I wish to make this the best book I have ever written." Dr. Lyman Abbott some years ago recalled the methods of the historian: "In his work of composition he was accustomed to read up on the topic till he was thoroughly familiar with it. Then, closing his eyes, he would by a rare power of historic imagination transport himself into the scene which he was about to describe and paint with his pen what he had seen in a mental vision. He had a rare power of abstraction, and, what is still more rare, a power of coming out of the past and returning to it again almost instantly. His study was always accessible; his children came and went; he never declined himself a caller; and, however busy he might be, I think he never regretted to see a friend. He would leave the death-bed of De Soto or the battlefield of Napoleon, answer a question about the household or give a greeting to a caller, and go back to his unfinished picture without losing from it a figure or a color."

Among Dr. Abbott's other important works are: *Napoleon at St. Helena*; *Kings and Queens*; *The French Revolution*; *History of the Civil War in America*; *The Romance of Spanish History*; *Prussia and the Franco-Prussian War*; *History of Frederick the Great*; *History of Maine*; and *The History of Christianity*.

Though Worcester cannot claim to be the home of Dr. Abbott during his riper and more prolific years as an historian, still, as in the case of many writers, it nurtured the young man when he was at the beginning of his career; and, in the days when fame came, Worcester looked on him with something of the benign countenance with which Longfellow—Abbott's classmate—greeted his mates, on that memorable occasion (in 1875) of the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation, with the words of the immortal gladiator, "We who are about to die salute you":—

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

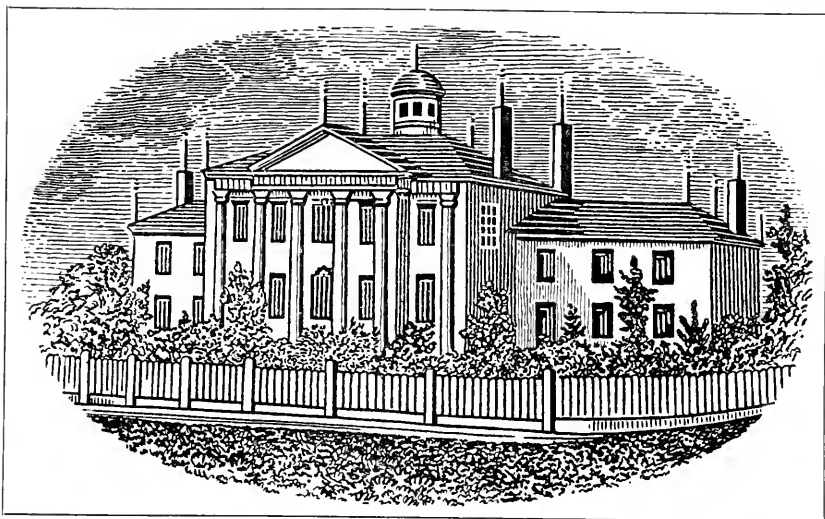
OLD ANTIQUARIAN HALL

To this famous library came young Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," that he might read the books it contained in the moments he could spare from his forge

It was a fortunate circumstance that caused young Elihu Burritt to turn his footsteps toward Worcester when the vessel he had hoped might be going from Boston to Europe failed to sail. Previously his small earnings had been swept away in the financial panic of 1837; and, with all he owned in the world tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, young Burritt walked from his birthplace, New London, Connecticut, to Boston, and thence to Worcester, where he heard that the American Antiquarian Society offered the advantages of a splendid library to all who cared to avail themselves of its use. Having in his boyhood's days scant advantages for schooling and having been apprenticed to a blacksmith at the age of fifteen, the young man came to Worcester prepared for toil as well as for books. He worked for twelve dollars a month at William A. Wheeler's Iron Works on Thomas Street; and, establishing himself in quarters in Lincoln Square, he had the advantage of being near his forge as well as Antiquarian Hall, where he spent all of his leisure moments.

By the time Elihu Burritt was thirty years old he had mastered fifty languages. He did not pretend to "speak like a native," but he had learned the tongues to such an extent that he was able to read anything written in the language he had studied. It was while in Worcester that an illegible manuscript, written in Danish, was brought from the West Indies for translation. Several colleges were unable to decipher it; and finally it was offered to Mr. Burritt, who after a great deal of labor succeeded in translating it, and refused any higher valuation of his time than that spent away from his forge. Shortly afterward there was brought to him a strange account of the shipwreck of a vessel on one of the South Sea Islands; and, in order to secure insurance in Boston, it was necessary to learn the account, which was written in the dialect of the natives. Harvard had given it up; and, after it had been offered to several professors, Mr. Burritt succeeded in translating it.

Many quaint books at the Antiquarian Hall claimed the learned blacksmith's attention, among them a Celto-Breton dictionary and grammar, with the aid of which he wrote a letter to the French Society of Antiquaries, thanking them for the opportunity to learn the original language of Brittany. Not long afterward a large volume was delivered to him at the forge, which contained an exact copy of his letter and an explanatory note, saying that the original was absolutely correct. Taking courage from small successes, Mr. Burritt in the summer of 1838 wrote to William Lincoln of Worcester, offering his services as a translator of German. He modestly gave his qualifications; and so impressed was Mr. Lincoln with the communication that



From a print

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

THE OLD ANTIQUARIAN HALL

he handed it to Governor Edward Everett, who read it in an address given by him before a Teachers' Institute, in which he referred to Burritt as the "learned blacksmith." The Everett speech was printed in full in the Boston papers, and after its appearance the whole country hailed the obscure blacksmith of Worcester. Publicity became unavoidable; and among others came Thomas Nelson, who wrote as follows to the *Southern Literary Messenger*:—

"I was passing through Worcester . . . and gratified my curiosity by calling on him. Like any other son of Vulcan, Mr. Burritt was at his anvil. I introduced myself to him, observing that I had read with great pleasure, and with unfeigned astonishment, an account of him by the Governor of the State, which had induced me to take the liberty of paying him a visit. He very modestly replied that the Governor had done him more than justice. It was true, he said, that he could read about fifty languages, but he had not studied them all critically. Yankee curiosity had induced him to look at the Latin Grammar; he became interested in it, persevered, and finally acquired a thorough knowledge of that language. He studied Greek with equal care. An acquaintance with these languages had enabled him to read with facility the Italian, the French, the Spanish and Portuguese. The Russian, to which he was then devoting his 'odd moments' he said, was the most difficult of any he had undertaken."

Not long after Governor Everett called him the "learned blacksmith" did Elihu Burritt remain at the forge. The lecture platform claimed him, and almost immediately he began the publication of

the *Christian Citizen*,—a weekly paper issued in Worcester from 1844 to 1851, and devoted to the cause of temperance, self-culture, anti-slavery, and peace. It is said to be the first publication in America to devote a definite portion of its writings to peace. So this great apostle began his mission. On June 16, 1846, feeling that he must carry his message on the "Bond of Brotherhood" across the Atlantic, Mr. Burritt sailed in the *Hibernia*. His message on the "League of Peace," which already had taken root in America, was destined to reap a great harvest on other shores. Friends in Manchester and Birmingham, England, aided Mr. Burritt in drafting his plan for an international brotherhood, then and until the end of his life his greatest interest. The society was the League of Universal Brotherhood, and part of the pledge is imbued with the spirit of the incorporator:—

"I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, color or condition, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign, this pledge, in a League of Universal Brotherhood, whose object shall be, to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and manifestations of war throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognize and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, color, or condition of humanity."

To-day's League of Nations plan has nothing loftier than the statement of the learned blacksmith of New England; and yet in spite of the ovations tendered him abroad, in spite of the Peace Congresses held at Brussels, at Paris, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, at London, and at Manchester, in spite of the great movement associated with such names as Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, and Sir Charles Napier, few know to-day that Elihu Burritt was ever the apostle of world-peace.

It was during Mr. Burritt's first visit to England in 1847 that he journeyed to Ireland at the time of the famine, and it was through his stirring appeals to America that a ship was fitted out under the command of Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, which sailed with provisions and clothing for the stricken people. One of the results of Mr. Burritt's stay in England was a reduction of postal rates between that country and America. At the close of the Civil War Mr. Burritt was appointed United States consular agent at Birmingham, England. His last years were spent at his birthplace, New Britain, Connecticut; and there from 1870 until 1879 the quietest portion of his life was passed. His published volumes number about thirty, and among them the most popular are *A Walk from London to John O'Groat's* and *A Walk from London to Land's End and Back*. Elihu Burritt never married, affirming "that he loved all women too well to satisfactorily connect himself to a single one in the obligatory love of marriage."



From a photograph

Collection of the American Antiquarian Society

THE BANCROFT HOUSE

AARON BANCROFT HOUSE

*Here the Rev. Aaron Bancroft wrote his *Life of Washington*; and here in 1800 was born George Bancroft, historian of the United States and founder of the Naval Academy at Annapolis*

A bronze tablet to-day marks the farm tilled by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft when he eked out his small salary as minister in order to rear his family of thirteen children, the eighth of whom was George Bancroft, the historian. It is a noteworthy fact that the father left Harvard to fight at Bunker Hill, after which, determining to preach, he began a pastorate in the First Parish (Unitarian) that lasted fifty-three and a half years. It is not strange that the son of this minister, who combined with his pulpit hard toil on the farm and long hours at the writing of history, should himself become interested in not alone the pulpit, but the career of an historian. And it reflects no little credit upon him that after his entrance at Harvard, when thirteen years of age, he was graduated with the second English oration and afterward sent by the college to Germany for several years of study.

Bancroft's mother was Lucretia Chandler, daughter of that Tory, Judge John Chandler, whose lands were confiscated at the outbreak of the Revolution. As stubbornly loyal to the king as Aaron Bancroft was to America, Mrs. Bancroft nevertheless proved a wise mother and devoted wife in the Bancroft household. It is said that George Bancroft himself owed much of his vigor of mind to this large-hearted

mother, whose greatest interest and happiness was rearing her family. To a friend George Bancroft once wrote, "I was a wild boy," adding that Madam Salisbury was always afraid that "I would get her son into bad ways, and still more alarmed lest I should some day be the cause of his being brought home dead. There was a river or piece of water near Worcester where I used to beguile young Salisbury, and having constructed a rude sort of raft, he and I would pass a good deal of our play-time in aquatic amusements not by any means untended by danger. Madam's remonstrances were all in vain, and she was more and more confirmed in the opinion that I was a wild, bad boy—a wild, bad boy I continued to be up to manhood."

Young Bancroft, having been given the first of a series of degrees that were to be bestowed on him throughout his life, returned to America at the age of twenty-two, and became a tutor at Harvard, though he had previously determined to enter the ministry when an opportunity presented itself. There followed trying years. His first sermon, preached at Worcester in his father's church, was pronounced a failure. His subject was "Love," and the delivery of his theme was considered altogether artificial. Even his father criticised his message and the mannerisms he had contracted in Germany. From town to town young Bancroft went, seeking an audience, but found none; and finally, no pulpit opening to him, he returned to his work as tutor at Harvard, where he found ever-recurring trouble. He next attempted to found the Round Hill School at Northampton; but his pupils, the sons of wealthy men, failed to respond to his methods of imparting knowledge, and, when given peaches by him in order to gain their attention, ended by throwing the pits at their teacher. He turned to poetry, and published a book of poems that nobody bought or read.

It was only when the spirit of Aaron Bancroft, who fought at Bunker Hill for what he believed was right, burst forth in the son that success crowned his efforts; and his destiny was fulfilled when he stated briefly, "I have formed the design of writing the history of the United States from the discovery of the American Continent to the present." His first volume appeared in 1834; and, after forty years of research work, his tenth volume was issued, bringing the history down to the conclusion of the treaty of peace in 1782. His volumes were hailed as masterpieces, and are to-day an authority, recognized the world over.

After suffering several political defeats, Bancroft was appointed Secretary of the Navy under Polk. In 1846 he founded the National Observatory at Washington and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. After the outbreak of the Mexican War he became ambassador to England, where he found himself in the midst of a brilliant group of men, among them Carlyle, Thackeray, Macaulay, Hallam, and Dickens. On the outbreak of the Civil War he was chosen to deliver the great Cooper Institute speech; and on the death of President Lincoln it was Bancroft who delivered the funeral oration. Later he spent seven years in Berlin during the presidency of General Grant, returning at the close of these busy years to Washington, where he was

the central figure, honored by the President, the cabinet, and the judges of the Supreme Court. When eighty-five years of age, he still sprang to his saddle for his daily canter; and every day up to his ninety-first year, when he died, the undimmed brilliancy of Bancroft's mind was occupied with the research work that he pursued—as he himself once expressed it—with the furtive quickness of a raccoon.

"Are you not imprudent," he was once asked, "at your age to be riding on horseback?"

"Are you not imprudent at your age *not* to be riding horseback?" was his quick retort.

It has been aptly said that Bancroft not only, like Cicero, wrote classics on old age, but "he lived a classic old age." Less than a decade before his death, at the age of ninety-one, he said: "I was trained to look upon life here as a season of labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I await with impatience and without dread the hand which will soon beckon me to rest." And he adds: "Let us old folks cheer one another as we draw nearer and nearer to the shores of eternity, which are already in full sight. I contemplate my end with perfect tranquillity, thinking death should be looked upon neither with desire nor fear. Old age is like sitting under the trees of the garden in early winter; the bloom and verdure of summer are gone; by their departure it becomes easier to see the stars."

The birthplace of Bancroft in Worcester—where on so many quiet evenings the boy listened to the tales of history told by his father, where a happy home-life was made for Lucretia and Aaron Bancroft by their fine children, where the dignity of labor, whether in books or soil, was ever exalted—long since has passed away.

BRINLEY HALL

Once the centre of social life in Worcester. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Horace Mann lectured here

Brinley Hall was demolished in 1895 to make way for the present State Mutual Life Assurance Building; and, though the block itself was not old as compared with many of the other buildings in Worcester, still in its little more than half-century of existence it had gathered about it associations that are still recalled by many who participated in some of the events that took place at the old hall. Brinley Hall was built in 1836-37 by Benjamin Butman and George Brinley, and much of the interior work was performed by persons of no less poetic cognomen than John Homer and his son, Virgil Milton Homer. With such auspicious beginnings it is small wonder that the hall itself came to be the gathering-place for men of letters. On its lecture platform appeared Emerson, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Wendell



From a photograph

Kindness of William A. Emerson

BRINLEY HALL

Where the State Mutual now stands

Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Mann, and the celebrated English phrenologist, George Combe, who toured America in 1838 and 1839. The hall, until the completion of the town-hall additions in 1841, was the largest gathering-place in Worcester; and, until the erection of Mechanics Hall, here were held all of the large meetings of a political or educational nature. An important event in its history occurred on December 9, 1845, when the first public exhibition of the magnetic telegraph was held here by J. E. Strong. New York and Springfield had then already been connected, and shortly after Mr. Strong's exhibition at Brinley Hall the line was continued to Worcester and Boston. Here also was held the first convention of Massachusetts school-teachers.

Nathaniel Paine, in his *Recollections*, recalls the concerts given in the hall by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, also the exhibitions of Harrington and Signor Blitz, the famous ventriloquists and magicians. He speaks of the dancing-masters who there taught the boys and girls of the old families to trip on the light fantastic toe, and of the "dramatic entertainments," so called in order to avoid the objectionable name of theatre.

On the site occupied by Brinley Block once stood the home of the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, minister of the Old South Church during the

Revolution, and later of his son, Nathaniel Maccarty, who was an apprentice of Isaiah Thomas when he published the *Massachusetts Spy* here. Another occupant of the Maccarty house was the Rev. Leonard Worcester, a brother of Noah Worcester, who also was associated with Mr. Thomas and the *Spy*.

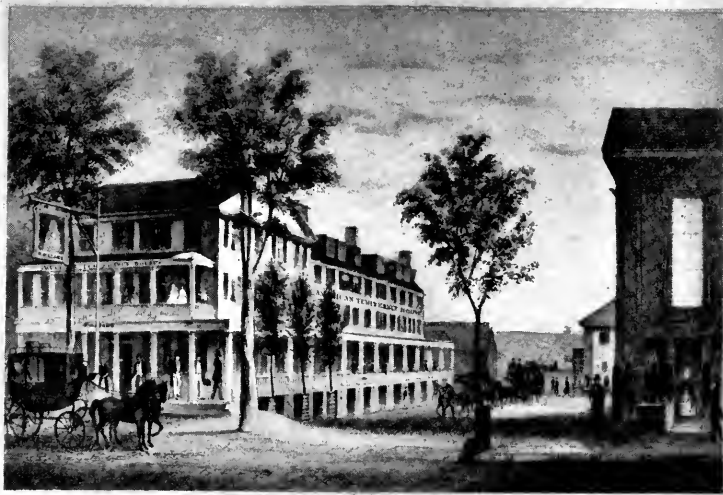
At the time of the demolition of Brinley Hall, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was asked to send some word concerning the hall that had been associated with the Abolitionist movement, and later with the soldiers who were drilled there for the Civil War, after the close of which it became the Hall of the G. A. R. In response to this request Colonel Higginson sent the following communication:—

"I hear with regret that Brinley Hall is to be demolished, as I have many pleasant associations with it. In my brief days of preaching, I was the minister of the Worcester Free Church, which first met there in 1852, and which had, without any denominational connection, a marked influence as a centre for those progressive and even radical elements which then abounded in Worcester. Among its founders or habitual attendants were men and women who were then or afterwards very prominent in the city,—Dr. Seth Rogers, Dr. Oramel Martin, Adin Thayer, Oliver Harrington, Theophilus Brown, Albert P. Ware, Martin Stowell, Thomas Earle, Harrison Bliss, Caleb A. Wall, Sarah Wall, Sarah Earle, Martha Lebaron (afterwards Mrs. D. A. Goddard), Sarah A. Butman (afterwards Mrs. J. G. King), and many others. Stephen S. Foster and his courageous wife, Abby Kelley Foster, sometimes came, on the express assurance that they were free to 'speak out in meeting' whenever they wished; and it was the natural home of abolitionists and reformers generally. It seems to me, in looking back, that our somewhat unconventional ways and methods were treated patiently and charitably, on the whole, by our more conservative fellow-citizens; and I remember that our joyous Christmas festivals in that hall were rather apt to win over the children who belonged in more staid organizations, but who found various excuses for resorting to Brinley Hall about that time. I am sure that those meetings did some people good, and contributed to that vigor of thought and action which made Worcester a power in the State; and though most of those I have mentioned have passed away, I always find that the survivors look back with pleasure to that time and place." . . .

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE HOUSE

Among the distinguished guests received here were John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, and Martin Van Buren, Ex-President of the United States

The American Temperance House that once stood at the corner of Foster and Main Streets occupied a part of the site of the house owned by Captain John Stanton, Jr., who in 1780 married Sarah Chandler. The Stanton house was later occupied by Thomas Stevens



**AMERICAN TEMPERANCE HOUSE,
WORCESTER,
R. W. ADAMS.**

This spacious establishment was opened as a Temperance House in 1835 by Mr. E. Porter, has been enlarged the past year almost one half, thoroughly repaired in every part and newly furnished, and is now ready for the accommodation of the public. Its peculiar local advantages are too apparent to require detail, being only four rods from the Boston & Worcester, Norwich & Worcester and Western Rail Roads. A convenient Hair-dressing Room, connected with the House, Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths always in readiness; Good Horses & Carriages furnished at short notice. Also a good Stable attached to the House.

From a print

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

and John W. Stiles until its removal to Mechanic Street in order to make way for the First Universalist Church.

Alfred Dwight Foster in 1835 opened Foster Street and made over his dwelling, which he had erected near the Stanton house site, into the American Temperance House. During the brief period when it was conducted as such it was well patronized and achieved a certain notoriety—probably from its name and from the fact that the temperance movement was then favored by so many men prominent in public life. Among those who kept the hotel were Eleazer Porter,



From a photograph

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE NATHANIEL PAINE HOUSE

R. W. Adams, Colonel Warner Hinds and R. W. Adams, General Heard and Adams, and Tucker and Bonney—the last-named conducting it in 1857, when the hotel was discontinued and converted into stores that were known as the American House Block. The hostelry with the Lincoln Mansion supplanted the old United States Hotel that had been patronized by distinguished guests who visited Worcester.

Among the most famous guests entertained at the American Temperance House were John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet; Martin Van Buren, then Ex-President of the United States; and Sampson V. S. Wilder, who was one of the Massachusetts hosts of Lafayette when he visited the State in 1824.

JUDGE NATHANIEL PAINE HOUSE

At the time of its removal to Salem Street one of the oldest houses in Worcester. Here lived Judge Paine, grandfather of Nathaniel Paine, historian of Worcester

The home of Judge Nathaniel Paine formerly stood at the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets. It was removed to Salem Street about 1843. Its master, a judge of probate for Worcester County for thirty-five years, was one of the charter members of the Worcester Fire Society, the original members of which were Joseph Allen, John Nazro, Leonard Worcester, Nathaniel Paine, Samuel Chandler, Ezra Waldo Weld, Dr. John Green, Samuel Brazier, Thomas Payson, Edward

Bangs, Dr. Elijah Dix, William Sever, Theophilus Wheeler, Dr. Oliver Fiske, John Paine, Samuel Allen, Stephen Salisbury, Charles Chandler, John Stanton, Dr. Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Waldo, Jr., and Isaiah Thomas. On Judge Paine's garden fence the Fire Society kept one of the long ladders then in use, this ladder with its mates being in requisition when any large building was being constructed in the city. They were used when the first Worcester Bank was built on Main Street in 1804.

Judge Paine was also one of the founders of the American Anti-quarian Society and a charter member of the Morning Star Lodge of Free Masons, dedicated in Worcester, June 11, 1793.

Nathaniel Paine, a grandson of Judge Paine, thus recalls the old house: "At the rear was a long extension, in which was an old-time kitchen, a large open fireplace with its iron crane being conspicuous therein; back of this came the wash-room, etc. In the rear of this was the wood-shed, long enough, I should think, to make a good bowling alley, then came the corn and grain house, and on the south side, next to Pleasant Street, the barn, which was about where the Second Baptist Church now stands. Back of this was the orchard and vegetable garden, extending nearly up to Chestnut Street. The house was surrounded by shade-trees; in front, I remember, were large butter-nuts, and on the south side two immense mulberry-trees, while on Pleasant Street, along the whole line of the lot, were buttonwoods. On the corner was a small one-story building, used as an office by Judge Paine. . . . My remembrance of my grandfather, though somewhat indistinct, is that he was quite tall and very straight, of a florid complexion, and rather a stern and dignified appearance. He used to wear a long white neck handkerchief wound several times about his neck, and a long, light-colored surtout with two or three capes, all of which was very impressive to my youthful mind."

GOODWIN HOUSE

Here was born Jane G. Austin, the American author, whose Standish of Standish and A Nameless Nobleman ran through many editions on their publication a quarter of a century ago. A revival of these books has recently been made, owing to the coming tri-centenary of the landing of the Pilgrims

Worcester has played no unimportant part in the world of books, for men and women of national renown have been born and have lived here. Among the first was John Adams, second President of the United States. A contemporary was the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, minister of the Old South Church, whose published sermons are valued, as were those of his successor, the Rev. Samuel Austin, who edited the theological works of Dr. Edwards. To Isaiah Thomas we are indebted for a valuable *History of Printing*; to Dr. Aaron Bancroft, for a *Life of Washington*. To George Bancroft, son of Aaron Bancroft, histo-



From a photograph

Kindness of Benjamin Thomas Hill

THE ISAAC GOODWIN HOUSE

rians and the public still turn for the History of the United States. John S. C. Abbott began his literary career here, and was the first man in America to write a popular history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here also began the careers of Edward Everett Hale, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Elihu Burritt.

Jane Goodwin Austin was born during the days when the greater number of the men mentioned above were in their prime. George Bancroft had then, after repeated failures along other lines, decided to write his History of the United States; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Everett Hale had begun their careers as writers and preachers and advocates of the Abolition movement; Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, had forsaken the forge for the pen. Jane Goodwin Austin had the advantage of living in these stirring times as well as the heritage of being a lineal descendant of Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Absorbing the traditions of the colony and having the priceless gift of sympathy from her father, Isaac Goodwin, a lawyer, and her brother, John A. Goodwin, she began to write when very young. Her first success was *Dora Darling*. Later appeared *Outpost*, *Tailor Boy*, *Cypher*, *The Shadow of Moloch Mountain*, *Moon Fold*, and *Mrs. Beauchamp Brown*. Her most famous books, which in preparation of the tricentenary to be celebrated next year are being revived, are *Standish of Standish*, *A Nameless Nobleman*, *Betty Alden*, and *Nantucket Scraps*. With her brother, John A. Goodwin, Mrs. Austin spent many summers at Plymouth;

and to the former is credited one of the most complete histories of the Plymouth Colony that has been issued.

The house in which Jane Austin was born stands on Lincoln Street, and was designed by her mother, who made a paper model of both the interior and exterior of the dwelling. On removing the roof of this model, the second floor was shown, with walls and partitions just as she desired them. The floor of this story being removed, the ground floor was shown in similar detail. Mrs. John A. Goodwin, wife of the historian of Plymouth, on a visit to Worcester in 1894 related to Mr. Benjamin Thomas Hill an interesting anecdote concerning her husband and the old milestone that now stands in front of "The Oaks." Mr. Hill's manuscript notes state that, "when John A. Goodwin, the son of Isaac Goodwin and the historian of Plymouth, was six or seven years old, his mother sent him to Lincoln Square for a pot of red paint, and on his return, coming to the old milestone on Lincoln Street, opposite Linwood Place, the idea struck him that it would be well to give the front of the stone a coat of red, which he accordingly did. A few days later his mother was in need of some blue paint, and he was again sent to the Square for it; and this time he painted the back of the stone. A few years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. John A. Goodwin were in Worcester, they examined the stone, and found traces of red and blue paint still upon it."

Jane Goodwin was married in 1850 to Loring H. Austin, of Boston; and in that city her "at homes" were among the brilliant gatherings of the day. She died in 1894 at the age of sixty-three. To John A. Goodwin, her elder brother, with whom she so frequently worked, she dedicated her most famous novel, *Standish of Standish*, in the closing chapter of which she ends with an appeal for Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, and Howland: "Shall we not . . . cherish them and study them more than we ever yet have done, feeling in our hearts that those virtues, that courage, and that nobility of life may be ours as well as theirs, may illustrate the easy life of to-day, and make it less unworthy to be the fruit of the Tree of Liberty, planted in the blood and watered by the tears of our fathers?"

HOME OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"I built the house in 1852 at the highest point of Hammond Street. Our dear friend, Dr. Joseph Sargent, had given me the land. Mr. Elliot Cabot had drawn the plans of the house."—Edward Everett Hale

Few men of New England have been more loved than Edward Everett Hale; and, although Boston claimed him during his early as well as his last days, there was an interesting decade—from 1846 to 1856—when he was a minister in Worcester, where, after having previously been an extensive contributor to the *Advertiser*, then owned by his father and published in Boston, he really began his literary



From a photograph

THE EDWARD EVERETT HALE HOUSE

Taken for the Bank

career. Dr. Hale was pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, where he gathered about him the interesting men and women of the day, showing here many of the characteristics that caused him later to be called by Dr. Holmes the living dynamo. When he first began to preach here, he was asked if he could serve on the school committee; and it was characteristic of Dr. Hale that he should answer, "I had far rather be overseer of the poor."

Boston's grand old man, whose massive, cloaked figure and Jove-like head were so familiar to those who dwelt there, died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 11, 1909, at the age of eighty-seven. He had been chaplain of the United States Senate, a famous Unitarian preacher, an author, a journalist, and philanthropist. It will be remembered that at the time of his death the press of America had tributes from great men on both sides of the water. Writers recalled the fact that Dr. Hale entered college at thirteen years of age, and that he began his journalistic career by reporting for his father's paper the speeches of Choate and Webster. Worcester men recalled the life of Dr. Hale during the decade he served as minister in the city. In Worcester he wrote *Margaret Percival in America* and his Kansas and Nebraska papers for free-soil emigrants. His first real work of fiction, *A Man without a Country*,—written during the Civil War

and first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*,—gave him a national fame, as did also his numerous essays, biographies, and stories. His life at his home in Roxbury combined all the indefatigable industry of the scholar with the strong and charming personality of a successful divine and social genius.

Dr. Hale's pastorate at the South Congregational Church in Boston began in 1856, the year he left Worcester. Though having spent but a brief ten years in the latter city, it ever held a warm place in his heart. His many friends there frequently drew him back to Worcester, and here the work of the American Antiquarian Society was especially dear to him. At the library of this society on Salisbury Street is a rare little volume written by Dr. Hale, *Worcester in 1850*, said to be the first attempt to make an illustrated guide-book of the then little more than a country village. In his complete works Dr. Hale speaks affectionately of Worcester, when, after recalling his boyhood, he says: "These *Wanderjahre* ended on the 29th of April, 1846, when I became the minister of the Church of the Unity in Worcester. Worcester had been a quiet shire town, but was just awakening to its position as centre of a great railway system. My father had built the railway to Worcester, and had directed the initial surveys of that to Albany. My friend, Frederic Greenleaf, the Henry Wadsworth of *Ten Times One*, told me that, with his own hand, he threw the switch which opened the way to Springfield of the small four-wheeled car which contained all the freight which Boston had to send West on that day."

It is interesting to note that this young Worcester freight agent also was the inspiration of the motto of *Ten Times One*:—

"Look up and not down;
Look out and not in;
Look forward and not back;
Lend a hand!"

This motto is inscribed in all of the rooms and literature of the Lend-a-hand Society established by Dr. Hale, which has branches all over the world.

Dr. Hale, while in Worcester, lived for a time at what was then 23 Park Street, near the corner of Green Street, with the publisher, M. D. Phillips. Later he removed to 23 Main Street, and it was from this house that he departed for his wedding journey to Hartford. Later he made his home on Hammond Street, at what is now No. 17. In 1903 he visited the house, and pleasantly recalled: "I visited it last Sunday to find the pear-trees I planted in 1853 are fifty years older than they were then. Dr. Joseph Sargent had laid out what is now Hammond Street for my convenience. I named it Whitney Street, surreptitiously engaged my friend, Mr. Dexter Rice, to paint the sign; and Whitney Street it was named in honor of Mrs. Sargent [Mrs. Sargent's husband had given Dr. Hale the land], whose maiden name was Whitney. But in an unfortunate gale one night the sign broke down, and in one of his early rides the doctor found it. He took it into

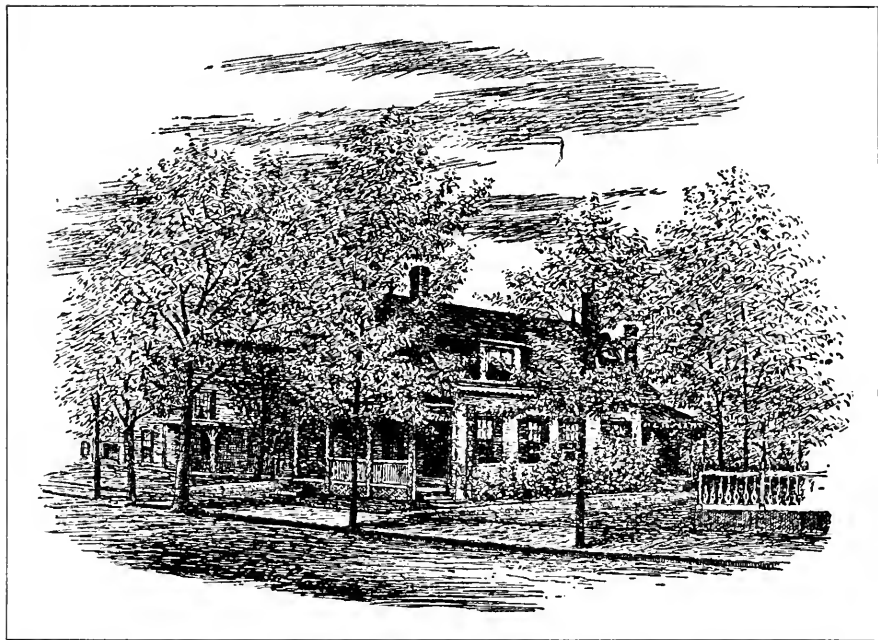
his 'chaise,' carried it to the painter, and changed the name into Hammond Street, Hammond having been the maiden name of Mrs. Sargent's mother, and Hammond Street it has remained from that day to this."

HOME OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

"Here dwelt the Rev. T. W. Higginson when he prepared the essays which gave a new impetus to out-of-door life and study; who willingly imperilled his life for the escaped slave; in no uncertain way encouraged John Brown in his efforts to liberate a race, and in the face of social disbarment was ready to lead the first regiment of black men raised in the War of Liberation."—Tribute from the Worcester Magazine.

Although the name of Thomas Wentworth Higginson is associated with Cambridge, where he was born and educated, just as Edward Everett Hale's name is associated with Boston, where he was born, still it is an interesting fact that both men began their literary work in Worcester, while serving as ministers here. Their early training was gained in the midst of some of the finest minds New England has produced. They both belonged to most distinguished New England families, Higginson's first ancestor in America being the Rev. Francis Higginson, pastor of the First Church in Salem and first minister in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, while an ancestor of Hale was that Nathan Hale who gave his life for the cause in which he believed. Both were Harvard graduates, clergymen, writers, anti-slavery men, and lifelong champions of freedom. After leaving college, young Higginson acted as tutor in Brookline until his return to Cambridge, where he evinced the influence that such preachers as Theodore Parker and James Freeman Clarke had had on him. Being more and more drawn toward the ministry, the young man spent some years at Divinity Hall, after which, in 1847, he was installed as minister at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Here his preaching was more or less interfered with by his anti-slavery convictions and by the influence of John Greenleaf Whittier. Coming as pastor of the Free Church to Worcester in 1848, Mr. Higginson at once entered with great intensity into the Abolition movement, and it was undoubtedly from the house formerly standing on the corner of Harvard and Bowdoin Streets that he set forth on the journey to Boston to aid in the rescue of Anthony Burns, the negro whom he and others defended from a mob in one of the most stirring episodes in American history.

It was in a later Worcester home—at 16 Harvard Street—that Mr. Higginson prepared his first contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Saints and their Bodies." Here also he wrote his delightful *Outdoor Papers*, scenes of which were laid in and about Worcester and that include "April Days," "Water Lilies," "My Outdoor Study," "The Procession of the Flowers," "The Life of Birds," and "Gymnastics." The influence of these papers was very great. Dr. Dudley



After a pen-and-ink sketch by George E. Gladwin

Kindness of Miss Gladwin

THE THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON HOUSE

A. Sargent, physical director of Harvard University and founder of the famous Sargent Gymnasium at Cambridge, was deeply interested in them, and it is said that he was led by them to devote his life to this branch of training. John Burroughs, while a country school-teacher in New York, read them with great interest, and in a recent letter to the writer paid tribute to Colonel Higginson's lucid and pleasing style, and adds that he was "among our earliest literary naturalists."

Mr. Higginson established a gymnasium in Worcester, and he also encouraged sports on Lake Quinsigamond. A vignette reproduced in this brochure shows the old floating bridge across the lake, and also in the distance what is supposed to be the headquarters of a boating and swimming club that Mr. Higginson founded. An amusing story, the scene of which was undoubtedly somewhere within range of this view, was told by a writer in the *Worcester Magazine* some years ago. "His old friends," the account runs, "tell with great gusto of an early attempt [of Higginson] to use a Worcester-made wherry, by no means up to modern standards. It was flat-bottomed, but it must have had points of beauty, for had not its owner, fresh from his Tennyson, dropped into poetry, thus—

'And round about the prows he wrote,
The Lady of Shalott'?

“Unhappily, the waterman had not rowed a boat’s length from the landing before he capsized, but his tall form permitted him to rise above the waves, and, with the ‘Lady of Shalott’ under his arm, Sir Launcelot waded ashore. As he wended his dripping way homeward, he proclaimed his dip to have been in the wettest part of the lake.”

When the Kansas and John Brown troubles arose, the young minister dashed into the fray, and on the outbreak of the Civil War he took command of a regiment of colored troops that saw service in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. After two years’ service, Colonel Higginson was wounded, and in 1864 was obliged to retire from the army.

The remainder of his life is closely associated with Newport and Cambridge, and also parts of Europe. One of his most delightful books, written in his Newport home, is called *An Oldport Romance*. His *Oldport Days* and *Malbone* were also written in Newport.

In London, Colonel Higginson was introduced at the famous Athenæum, and there met Darwin, Lord Houghton, and Carlyle. On returning to Cambridge, he frequently visited Salem, where his first ancestor in America was minister; and his essays on “Old Salem Sea Captains” and “Travellers and Outlaws” are among some of the best-known contributions about the seaport town.

In 1911 the Boston *Transcript* published a check-list of the writings of Colonel Higginson for the use of collectors. In this list are included all of the magazine articles, pamphlets, essays, biographies, that he produced. There are several columns of his works; and, as titles are here and there examined, one almost wonders that one man could have written so much and so well. The writer remembers an address given by Colonel Higginson, just a few months before his death, at a service in memory of the Shaksperian author, William J. Rolfe, of Cambridge. In spite of his then eighty-seven years, the hoary head of Colonel Higginson was not bowed, and he walked unassisted to the platform and paid his tribute to his friend with a remnant of the force that must have been his in the days when he fought for John Brown and Anthony Burns. The voice of the dauntless Colonel Higginson then was heard; and it is the same voice we hear in these stirring lines of tribute to Whittier:—

“They say our city’s star begins to wane,
Our heroes pass away, our poets die,
Our passionate ardors mount no more on high.
’Tis but an old alarm, the affright of wealth,
The cowardice of culture, wasted pain!
Freedom is hope and health!

The sea on which yon ocean steamers ride
Is the same sea that rocked the shallops frail
Of the bold Pilgrims; yonder is its tide,
And here are we, their sons; it grows not pale,
Nor we who walk its borders. Never fear!
Courage and truth are all.”

THE OREAD

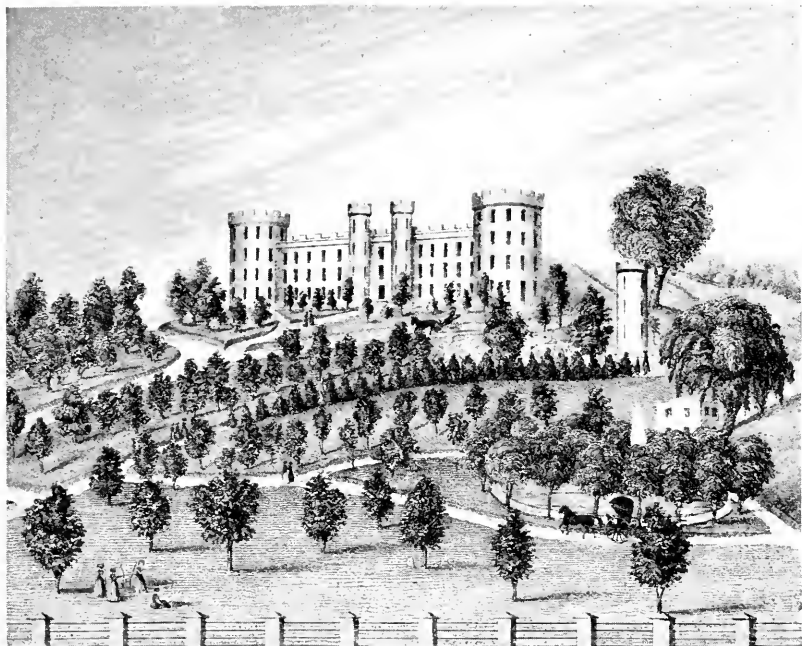
"The State of Kansas should be named Thayer. I would rather accomplish what Eli Thayer has done than have won the victory at New Orleans."—Charles Sumner

The Oread stands on what was once Goat's Hill, its battlements outlining themselves in lofty dignity against the sky, preserving in their every contour an indefinable something that reminds the beholder of the exalted purpose that inspired Eli Thayer when he established his institute in Worcester. Though to-day devoted to other purposes, this magnificent pile of stone represents to the stranger the solidity and far-reaching accomplishments, along other lines than those of education, of the builder, who was born in the little town of Mendon, Massachusetts, a century ago. Unfortunately, at the time when he needed aid in procuring an education, his father's country store proved a failure; and the lad was left to till the soil while he awaited an opportunity to prepare for college at the Manual Labor School in Worcester, to which he eventually came, walking the entire distance from Mendon. Not least is Eli Thayer among the boys who have walked to Worcester in order to procure an education.

He knew no Latin nor Greek; yet, after a year's study here, he presented himself at Brown University, and it proved on examination that he was deficient only in mathematics. Promising to "make up" this study, if he were admitted, young Thayer was graduated at the head of his class in this branch.

He entered college with nothing, paying for his board and tuition by teaching in district schools and by getting odd jobs as carpenter, wood-sawyer, and landscape gardener. He came out of college with several hundred dollars to the good. It is small wonder that, having received his start in Worcester, he returned here to act as principal of the very school—now Worcester Academy—at which he had been fitted for college. Then began his career as educator, inventor, promoter of emigration, and legislator. Convinced that young women should be given the advantages of higher education, he established in 1851 the Oread Institute on Mount Oread. He also took an active part in the welfare of Worcester, interesting himself deeply in the development of real estate. He commenced the study of law under Pliny Merrick, justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Later he served on the school committee, also as alderman, as member of the House of Representatives, as member of Congress, as confidential agent of the United States Treasury, and delegate for Oregon to the National Republican Convention in 1860. He invented a sectional safety steam boiler, an automatic boiler cleanser, and an hydraulic elevator, engaging for some time in the manufacture of elevators.

Two memorials to-day remain to Eli Thayer,—his castle on the mount in Worcester, where he made possible a vast advance in the education of young women, and—a national memorial—the State of



From a print

Kindness of Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt

THE OREAD

Kansas, which Charles Sumner affirmed should have been named Thayer, adding that he would rather have to his credit the accomplishment of Eli Thayer than have won the victory at New Orleans. For Eli Thayer, when the nation threatened to be permanently severed, sat down in the State Capitol and thought things out. His problem was to bring order out of chaos and to save the Union. His conclusions, after securing private co-operation, he voiced in the meeting held in City Hall at Worcester, March 11, 1854, at which he stated that Kansas should be made an anti-slavery State. The Kansas-Nebraska bill had just been introduced in Congress, giving these two States the right to vote for or against slavery. The danger of Kansas going over to the South was at once apparent to Mr. Thayer, and the result of his efforts to save it was the organization of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, of which he was the backbone, and the beginning of the Kansas crusade.

Edward Everett Hale says: "When in 1852 . . . Mr. Eli Thayer of Worcester, with the foresight of a statesman, made his great plans for emigration to Kansas, which saved Kansas as a free State, I was close at his side, and I tried to render material assistance in that effort. My father gave us the full use of the *Daily Advertiser*, which was the leading paper of New England. Mr. Greeley in the

Tribune published our articles as editorials. A dozen other leading newspapers favored the cause of emigration in the same way. I went almost everywhere in New England, addressing audiences on Kansas and the way to it. I was on the Executive Committee of the Emigrant Aid Company, which for years kept close connection with the new-born States. The Company had the satisfaction of seeing Kansas admitted as a free State in 1861."

Mr. Thayer carried out his work in the midst of great difficulties, frequently opposed by the public, which for the most part failed to give him the confidence he so much needed. Among his strongest supporters were Theodore Parker, Lucius M. Sargent, and Henry B. Stanton. President Lincoln, several members of the military staff, and the majority of Congress also approved of his later plan, proposed during the Civil War, to colonize Florida,—an undertaking that, after the great meetings held in New York and Brooklyn favoring it, had to be abandoned on account of other military operations.

It was in 1856—the year of his Oregon speech—that Mr. Thayer began the "friendly invasion" of Western Virginia with free-state settlers. There he founded the town of Ceredo. It was during these days that things were more or less lively among his opponents, and their activities were brought to a climax on the admission of Kansas, when a price was offered for the head of the Yankee who had organized his forces so well. Thayer, however, still continued to forward supplies and men. He sent out saw-mills and grist-mills; and a certain Davy Atchison, on beholding a section of these moving forward, remarked, "There goes another Yankee city!" In the founding of Ceredo alone, Mr. Thayer brought more than five hundred families to the State and spent about a hundred and eighteen thousand dollars in developing the city. Much of his work there was undone by the Civil War, the soldiers during their occupancy taking everything in the place.

One of the greatest trials that Mr. Thayer had to endure was the active opposition of such Abolitionists as William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. John Brown, who at one time interested Mr. Thayer, came to Oread to see him, and represented that he was raising money for arms and ammunition with which the Kansas settlers might defend their homes. Mr. Thayer gave generously to the fund, but afterward learned that Brown never sent a rifle to Kansas, but had taken those purchased to Virginia for his own use there.

It was not until 1877 that Mr. Thayer visited Kansas, this being his first and last visit. On September 12 of that year he accepted an invitation to address a meeting of the old settlers there. He was given a royal welcome by the ten thousand persons assembled, and a few years later a marble bust of Mr. Thayer was unveiled in the State House at Topeka, where impressive ceremonies were held in his honor. It is not strange that a life so active as that of Eli Thayer should at the end find us regretting that the nation he had served so well failed to respond fittingly to his services. Like all men of



From a photograph

THE GOVERNOR DAVIS MANSION
Lincoln Street

Taken for the Bank

merit, however, an appreciation of him has grown with the years. His last days were spent in Worcester; and here at his home, 800 Main Street, Eli Thayer died on April 15, 1899, the last services for him being held at the great stone castle he had built on Mount Oread.

GOVERNOR JOHN DAVIS MANSION

"Next morning the sun was shining brightly, and the clear church bells were ringing, and sedate people in their best clothes enlivened the pathway near at hand and dotted the distant thread of road. There was a pleasant Sabbath peacefulness on everything which it was good to feel."—Dickens, in his American Notes of a Worcester Sabbath

Guarded by stately elms, the former home of Governor John Davis stands on Lincoln Street, near the southern corner of Catherine. Within the last score of years there lived in Worcester those who remembered well the visits of the distinguished guests who were entertained by Governor Davis; for he was famed as a host, of pleasing personality and remarkable conversational powers,—valuable gifts to the man whose official duties covered a quarter of a century. To this mansion came the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; George Bancroft, the historian, whose sister, Miss Eliza Bancroft, married Governor Davis; and Charles Dickens on his first visit to America in 1842.

Governor Davis—called affectionately by his native State "Honest John" Davis—was one of Worcester's most distinguished residents. Born in Worcester County of parents who industriously tilled the soil, his early years, spent in working on the home-farm, resulted in giving him a healthy mind and body. He was graduated from Yale in 1812; and, after studying law in the office of the Hon. Francis Blake of Worcester, he was admitted to the bar in 1815. Thereafter began his period of a quarter of a century of public service, during which he served his State in Congress, as governor, and as a member of the Senate, until 1853, when he retired to private life, and passed his last days in the Lincoln Street mansion. As a lawyer, he was renowned for his grasp of a subject; and the background of his remarkable knowledge was gained in his hours of quiet study in his stately home. In his later days he especially devoted himself to the study of ancient and modern history and to the reading of the classics, among them Cæsar, Tacitus, and Livy. It is a notable fact that three eminent contemporaries—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster—all died within a short time of Governor Davis. These men were frequently compared, the brilliance of each mind discussed, and in many cases it was thought that Governor Davis was the master of the group. C. Hudson, whose manuscript copy of the "Character of John Davis" is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society, says: "If one reads for mere pleasure, he will be more gratified with the glowing fervor and spark-

ling wit of Clay, the subtle metaphysics of Calhoun, or the concise and demonstrative logic of Webster; but, if he reads to gain a detailed knowledge of the question under debate, he will find Mr. Davis more instructive perhaps than either, certainly more logical than Clay, more practical than Calhoun, and more minutely instructive than Webster."

From his mansion Governor Davis was borne after his death, and for a time Mrs. Davis lived there. The estate was eventually sold, and is now one of the finest places in the city.

Undoubtedly one of the most brilliant occasions at the Davis Mansion was the visit of Charles Dickens in 1842. Worcester was the second American city visited by the author, Boston, where he had arrived on January 21, being the first. Governor John Davis invited Dickens to spend Sunday at Worcester; and Dickens, after the elaborate reception given him the preceding week, was pleased to retire to a quieter spot for a brief rest. He arrived in Worcester on February 5, and remained until the 8th, a period in which a typical New England winter had set in, causing the author to remark, "A sharp, dry wind and a slight frost had so hardened the roads when we alighted in Worcester that their furrowed tracks were like ridges of granite." His description of Worcester occupies less than a page. Many have assigned the reason for this to the fact that Dickens's entertainment here was private and not public, and that he rigidly adhered to English etiquette and a sense of honor in speaking no further of his experiences while a guest of the governor.

Side-lights, however, on this visit have come down from various sources. At the Worcester Historical Society is a copy of lines from *Pickwick* that Dickens wrote as a souvenir for Mrs. Davis. It has been pointed out that this very paper reposes in a building on the "distant thread of road" mentioned by Dickens in his description of a Worcester Sabbath. The press of that time, strange to say, gave scant heed to his visit. Indeed, if the brief reports can be trusted, a secret grudge seems to have been nursed that the author came to Worcester at all. Possibly this method was taken to voice opposition to Governor Davis. A paper politically opposed to the governor tersely remarks: "Boz, the author of *Pickwick*, etc., with his wife, came up from Boston Saturday with Governor Davis and passed the Sabbath with him. The governor introduced his *general* friends to his guest on Saturday evening and his *particular* friends on Sunday evening." Another paper described Dickens as "a middle-sized person, dressed in a brown frock coat, a red-figured vest, somewhat of the flashy order, and a fancy scarf cravat that concealed the dickey; a gold watch guard over his vest, and a shaggy great-coat of bear or buffalo that would excite the admiration of a Kentucky huntsman." Another paper—the *Massachusetts Spy*—with great brevity mentioned the author's visit. However, in spite of the pugnacity of the press, the people of Worcester seemed to have a great regard for Dickens, this fact being demonstrated by the enthusiastic group that hailed him from the lawns of the Davis Mansion.

Some HISTORIC HOUSES of WORCESTER

More than a quarter of a century later Charles Dickens again visited Worcester, where he was a guest of the Bay State House. He read before a crowded audience in Mechanics Hall on the evening of March 23, 1868, his *Christmas Carol* and the trial scene from *Pickwick*. He had aged greatly, and his face was troubled. Two years later, his American trip having perhaps helped to undermine his health, he died at the age of fifty-eight at Gadshill, his home in Kent.

AUTHORITIES CONSULTED

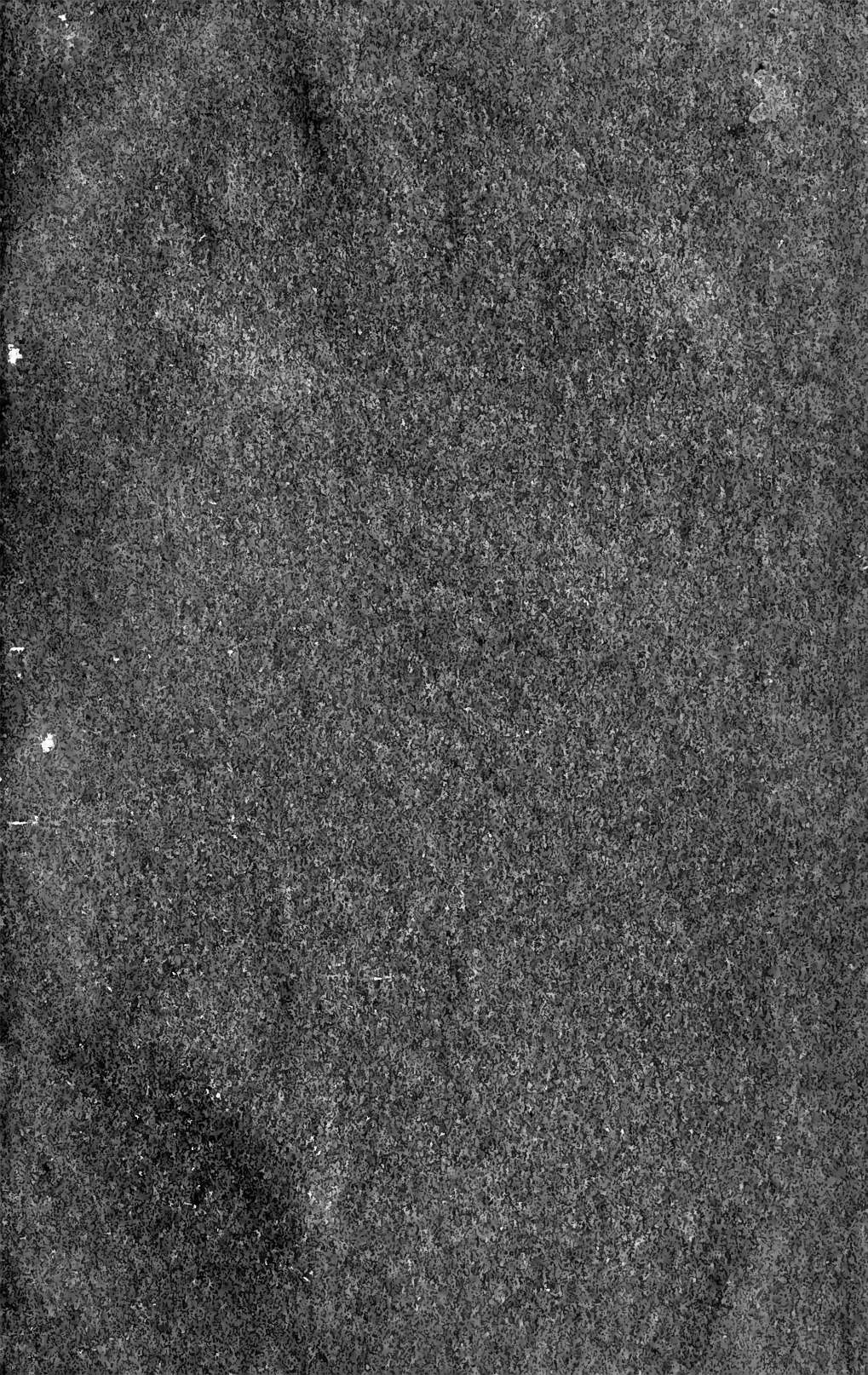
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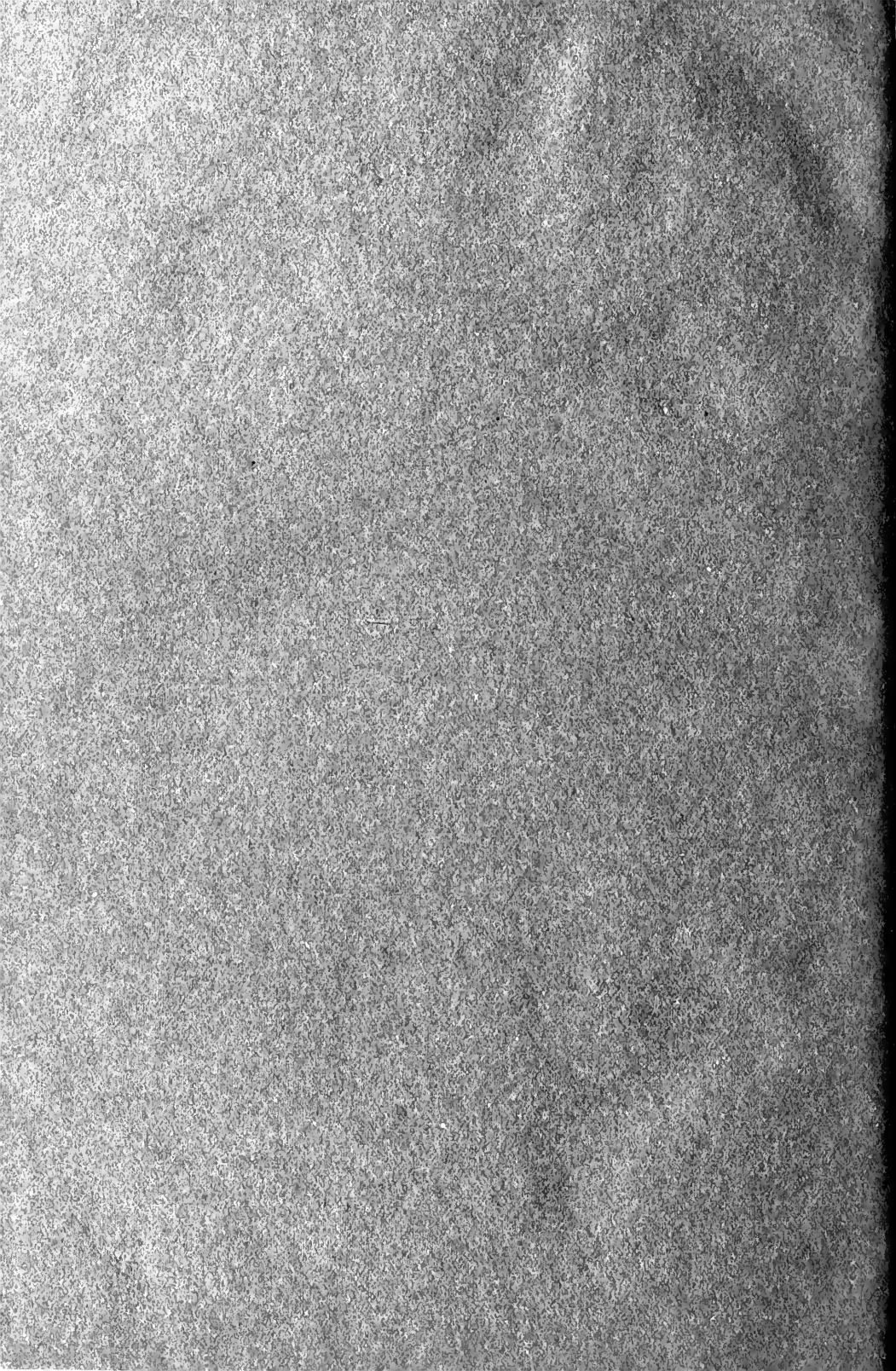
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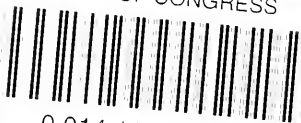
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